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# THE RED MACHETE.

## The Fair Conspirator of Porto Rico---A Secret League Oath-Bound to Freedom---Love, Wrong and Retribution.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

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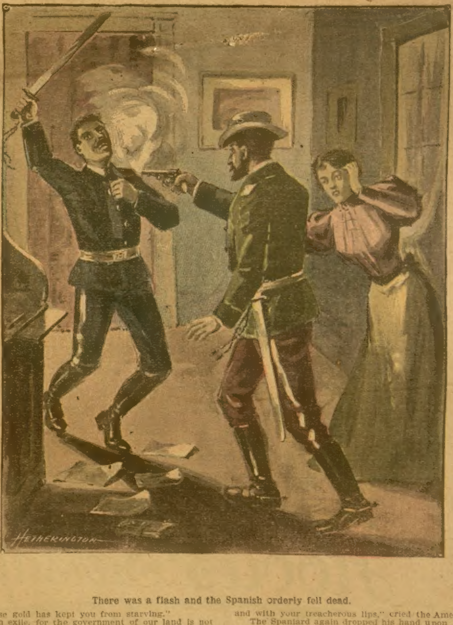
[Note—Colonel Ingraham, author of the fascinating story which follows, held a position of high rank in the Sea and Land Patriot Service of the Cubans during "The Ten Years' War," and during his filibustering expeditions became familiar with Porto Rico and its people. Ingraham's life has been singularly eventful. A Southerner by birth, he took part in the War of the Rebellion as a Confederate officer; he then went to the far East and espoused the cause of the Cretans against the Turks; afterwards he took part in the Abyssinian campaign. He also served with Juarez against Maximilian in Mexico. Later he became the friend and comrade of Buffalo Bill, and met with many adventures on the western plains. Finally, after a most stormy and remarkable career, he married in New York, and settled down to authorship, drawing his material in great part from the magnificent storehouse of his experience. He is author of "A Story of Crete," "The Cuban Patriot," "A Man in Grey," "A Prince of the Desert," "Montezuma," and other famous works.—The Editor.]



There was a flash and the Spanish orderly fell dead.

### CHAPTER I.

### A SPANIARD'S THREAT.

"Senor Colonel Delgarde, you must either yield your daughter's hand to me, or I swear I will destroy you body and soul!"

This fearful threat fell from the lips of a man in the uniform of a Spanish general, and the one he addressed was an American, tall, of distinguished bearing and a man whose age appeared to be about fifty.

The scene opens in a beautiful home in the outskirts of San Juan de Porto Rico, over which now floats the Stars and Stripes, but at a time several years ago, when Spanish rule crushed the brave people of the beautiful island

At the words of the Spanish officer, the sun-browned face of the American flushed and then paled, while his eyes flashed with anger; but he said, calmly:

"General Felipe Santa Sara, a year ago you did me the honor to ask for my daughter's hand; an honor as far as your rank and position go, and I declined, and for two reasons; first, you are above forty, she barely eighteen years of age; second, we Americans do not force our daughters to wed a man they do not love, and third, I would not wish her to marry a Spaniard, even were he a man of honor, which you are not. Today, my answer to you is the same as it was one year ago."

"This to me, Senor Americano?" and the Spaniard dropped his hand upon his sword hilt, and half drew the blade.

But the American did not move, and replied:

"Yes, and more to you if you force me to it, Senor Spaniard, for, though I am unarmed, I do not fear the sword of a coward, for I have been a soldier, as you know."

A bitter imprecation fell from the Spanish general's lips at the added insult of the American, but he restrained his evident desire to strike him down, and said:

"Yes, you were a soldier, a rebel against the United States government, and are now an exile here in Porto Rico, where you married a rich and beautiful woman whose gold has kept you from starving."

"I was a rebel, yes, but I am not an exile, for the government of our land is not tyrannical and red-handed, as is yours, and I left my home because I met and loved a fair Porto Rican lady, to whom I rendered some service, and who was at school in New York. Though not rich, I had a fair living, and was so fortunate as to win for my wife the then Senorita Lucia Lamon, and thus made Porto Rico my home. To-day, our child, Rozella, declines to accept you as a suitor and in her refusal her mother and myself heartily concur, and you, in your Spanish nature, seeking revenge, send for me to visit you here and threaten to destroy me, body and soul, unless I yield to your demand."

"You have stated the situation exactly, Colonel Delgarde, and you know just what to expect. I love your daughter; I am rich, hold high rank, and I ask her hand in marriage. Yield, and all will be well between us; refuse, and I have the power to crush you, body and soul, and I will do it."

"In what lies this power?" asked the American, impressed, in spite of himself, by the manner of the Spaniard.

General Felipe Santa Sara's answer was to walk quickly to a corner of the large room and unlock a massive desk that stood there. From an inner drawer, which he unlocked, he took a large envelope tied around with red tape. Holding up the envelope to the view of the American, he said, savagely:

"You ask for my power to do as I say, to crush you utterly, to destroy your good name here in Porto Rico, to wreck your honor and bring disgrace upon the woman you married, and on your beautiful daughter, and I tell you that I have it here; papers that do not lie, papers that will do all I assert and more—yes, the proof of what you have done, to bring down your proud head in shame to the dust."

Colonel Frank Delgarde heard the Spanish general's terrible words in perfect silence. But his face had become livid, his eyes fairly blazed and he made a step toward the man who thus threatened him.

In alarm the general called out:

"Hold! Stand where you are, Senor Americano! Another step toward me and I will kill you, and well you know my reputation as a dead shot."

The steady hand of the Spaniard held a revolver, leveled, and that he would fire the American knew; but he said with an effort at self-control:

"That you are coward enough to shoot an unarmed man I know, and it would be madness for me to throw my life away, for I do know how true your aim is, and more, I seek no hand to hand struggle with you; but I ask you again what papers you hold there?"

General Santa Sara replaced the envelope from whence he had taken it, yet still keeping his eyes upon the American, relocked the desk and replied, keeping at a safe distance:

"Your guilt tells you what they are; that they are the story of your crimes twenty years ago."

"It is false as your own heart, Felipe Santa Sara, for I have been guilty of no crime, no act, I am ashamed of."

"You so pretend."

"I so assert, and more, demand your proof."

"Openly?"

"Yes, before the world."

A malignant look crossed the dark, handsome face of the Spanish officer, and he said in a determined tone:

"You ask for a proof of your guilt, and you shall have it!"

### CHAPTER II.

### FACE TO FACE.

The American stood in silence, waiting for the Spaniard to make his next move, a defiant smile was upon his face, as though he knew that no proof of a crime he had been guilty of could be shown.

General Santa Sara did not turn again to the locked desk for his papers, but said, and with a look and tone of strange confidence in his own power:

"From the first I believed you were a refugee in Porto Rico because you dared not live in your own country. But loving your daughter——"

"And her wealth——"

"Granted, that I wished her wealth and beauty to go together; but I waived the fact that I believed her father a fugitive from justice, and sought her hand. I knew that her mother came from an old and honored Porto Rican family, that her father, his secret life not being known, was respected and admired here, and more, that the daughter was one to grace my home in Madrid, and hence I wished to take her there, as soon as my mission here was ended. So it was that I asked of you her hand——"

"And fortune."

"Yes, and you refused."

"For reasons I have frankly made known to you."

"Too frankly, for they may send your neck to the garrote. Refused by you the honor I had offered her, declined by the Senorita Rozella, I grew revengeful and so sought to force you to terms, as I believed that I could do so. I at once set about my work, and you know well what the secret service of Spain is as a power behind the throne."

"Yes, a cruel, a merciless power for wrong."

"Right or wrong, innocent or guilty, none escape its iron hand once it is stretched forth to strike down unseen, and you have not been an exception, Senor Frank Delgarde, though in your case there was the corner stone of crime to build upon."

"You lie in your coward heart and with your treacherous lips," cried the American.

The Spaniard again dropped his hand upon his sword hilt, but after a moment laughed sneeringly and continued:

"Wait and see who it is that lies, Senor; but, as I was saying, I put the secret service power of Spain at work, and it is as well established in your accursed country as elsewhere.

"I put the sleuthhounds upon your track, commencing at your boyhood home in Louisiana and pursuing you and your record through the civil war as a Confederate soldier."

"And boy or man, you found no stain upon my record!" proudly said Colonel Delgarde.

"I did, or truth [illegible] though I confess it was [illegible] till twenty years ago—then your [illegible] began."

The face of the American was deathlike in its hue, for every particle of color had left it. Face, neck and hands had become as white as the snowy suit of linen that he wore.

"What found your minions against me?" he asked with an effort.

"The papers I held up to you were the proof that you were guilty of two great crimes."

"Name them."

"Your first crime was to desert a lovely girl whom you married, and your second crime was to rob her father's bank of a large sum of money and escape from the country, to come to Porto Rico and revel in your stolen wealth; yes, and to deceive the lady whom you now claim is your wife, into a marriage with you, thus getting possession of her property."

Words cannot portray the malignant look and triumphant tone of General Santa Sara as he hurled this accusation of double crime into the face of the American, whose daughter he sought to make his wife.

He had shown the Spanish nature, revenge for the one who had refused to allow him to have his own way; to force Delgarde to terms, he had spent large sums of the government's money, under pretense of tracking a conspirator against Spain, and had step by step fathomed the past life of Frank Delgarde, for he had, from the first, suspected him of being a fugitive from the United States.

The reports made to him by his spies were in the envelope he had taken from and returned to the desk. With his alleged proof of crime committed he now threw the gauntlet of defiance in the teeth of the American.

Colonel Delgarde stood like one dazed by the charge brought against him. He put his Panama hat upon his head, and drew the brim down over his eyes as though to shield them.

This was his only movement, and there he stood like a statue and as white-faced as marble.

What passed through his mind, how his heart was hurt, General Santa Sara could only guess; but he did not doubt but that in the end he would yield, from fear of his dishonor becoming known and that he would tell him that he, Santa Sara, could have his daughter's hand and fortune as the price of silence.

For fully a minute the two stood facing each other, and then the American broke the silence.

"You have done your work well, General, through your spies, as far as trumping up against me a lot of false charges; but they will have to be proven."

"Fool! I have the proof; yes, I have the record of your marriage certificate to the Senorita Bertha Crosby, signed by her and by you, and the clergyman's signature attached also, though he is now dead."

"Dead?" and a ray of what seemed like hope flashed into the eyes of the accused man.

"Yes, he is dead, but his signature and those of the witnesses to your marriage are there."

"They are forgeries!" cried Delgarde, excitedly, momentarily losing his splendid self-control.

"Yes, so you assert, but they are genuine as you will find out, as are also the proofs of your having robbed the bank of the father of the girl you married and deserted."

"All these charges are as false as the heart of the man who utters them."

"Do you deny that you were married?"

"I most emphatically do, for my engagement to her I broke on the very day we were to be married; yes, at the very hour appointed for the ceremony and when all arrangements were made. Why I broke the engagement only the lady, one other, and myself know; but her path in life and mine separated on that day; in fact, I do not know whether she is still living or dead—perhaps you, Sir Spy, can tell me, for from her lips the lie would be given you."

"Senor Delgarde, I do know that your real wife lives, and more, she is here to fling the lie into your teeth.

"Senora Delgarde, appear!"

With the loud call of the Spanish general there was heard a quick step approaching from an inner room and into the presence of the two men swept a woman.

One glance at her, and though he had not seen her in twenty years, Colonel Delgarde recognized the woman whom the Spaniard had charged was his deserted wife.

A cry broke from his lips at sight of her and he placed his hand upon the back of a chair, as though for support, while he said in a low tone:

"Bertha, are you here to accuse me?"

"I am!" was the firmly uttered response.

### CHAPTER III.

### IN THE TOILS.

As though from the grave the woman, Bertha Crosby, Delgarde, or whatever her name might be, had appeared upon the astounded vision of Colonel Frank Delgarde.

If he had doubted what the papers, held by General Santa Sara, might prove against him, he could not doubt the testimony of his own eyes.

Here was the woman whom twenty years before he had admitted he had expected to make his wife, now, conjured up as by magic, as his accuser.

She was a handsome woman, scarcely looking her age of forty years, and she was becomingly attired. Her face was a study, for in it was no sign of triumph, none of sympathy. Upon the wedding finger the eyes of Delgarde saw a heavy gold band, a wedding ring.

"Be seated, Senora Delgarde," said General Santa Sara in good English.

She obeyed in silence.

Then the general said and he could ill suppress his triumph:

"Now, Senor Delgarde, I believe we can come to terms."

The American bowed in silence.

"You know my desire, and the trouble and expense I have been to proves my earnestness. I have here double proof of the crimes with which I charge you. I yet have no feeling personally against you. I love your daughter, and wish to make her my wife. Do you understand, Senor?"

"Perfectly."

"My spies found for me this lady, your real wife; but twenty years is a long time, and as you deserted her in the long ago, she has no desire to lay claim to you, and more, her heart is too tender to wish to bring sorrow upon the innocent woman, who, in Porto Rico, bears your name, the innocent and beautiful girl, the Senorita Rozella. I have talked with the lady here, your wife, for she came at my wish, and she is content to return to her American home without charging you with your crime against her, so long as you obey my will.

"If you give to me the hand of your daughter all will be well, and your dread secret shall be as though buried in the grave. If you refuse then she will make her claim and the blow falls heavily upon the innocent and the guilty.

"You know just what to expect now and it rests with you; but should you decide in my favor, then, as this lady, your wife, informs me that she is a poor woman, I deem it but right that you hand to her a sum of money sufficient to make her comfortable. I await your reply, Colonel Delgarde."

The Spanish general seated himself as he spoke, and motioned the American to a chair. The latter remained standing, and, turning his eyes full upon the woman, he asked:

"May I inquire if you are still Miss Bertha Crosby?"

"I am not now so known, for, believing you dead, as was reported, I married."

"You married Anthony Breslin, of course?"

The woman's pale face flushed, and she replied:

"I did marry Anthony Breslin."

"Is he living or dead?"

"Dead."

"Then you go as his widow?"

"I am so known."

"And in poor circumstances?"

"Yes."

"You were the sole heir of your rich father?"

"My father failed and my expected inheritance was swept from me."

"If you are in distress I am willing to aid you financially."

"I have not asked you for aid, though General Santa Sara has done so for me."

"May I ask if you came here of your own free will?"

"I did, when I was told that I could do great good by coming."

"The hope of pecuniary recompense did not suggest your motive?"

"It did not."

"And you came here as my accuser?"

"I did."

"And of what do you accuse me?"

"Of making me your wife and then deserting me."

"Would you assert this under oath?"

"I would."

"Then I am indeed in the toils of those who would destroy me, body and soul," cried Colonel Delgarde, and a hunted look came into his eyes while his lips quivered with an emotion that nearly burst the bonds of self-restraint.

Quickly Delgarde walked to and fro, half a dozen times across the room, the Spaniard and the woman watching him; then halting before the one who had thus accused him, he asked quietly:

"Have you other accusations to make?"

"The one I am most interested in is that I have made, that, before God and man, you are my husband.

"I have no love for you, no wish to force my claim, so long ignored by you, and I only do so in behalf of others; but did I wish to accuse you of another crime I could readily prove that you robbed my father's bank of a large sum, after deserting me, and fled, and I alone kept you from being brought back to suffer punishment for your crimes."

"As you accuse me of having married you and then deserted you, I do not wonder that you also make me out a bank robber; but I am to understand that, for a consideration, a liberal one, you are willing to return to America, leaving the charges against me unpressed?"

"I am poor, dependent upon my own hands for a living, and General Santa Sara thinks I should have a liberal sum from you."

The American then turned to the Spaniard and said sternly:

"I have your terms, Senor, and this woman's, so I know just what to expect; but I demand two days to consider what I shall do. When the time is up I will meet you here, prepared to act."

"You are wise, and I will give you the time—until day after tomorrow noon."

With a bow in reply, Delgarde left the villa.

### CHAPTER IV.

### THE DEATH SHOT.

Mounting his waiting horse, Colonel Delgarde rode slowly away from the villa, which was General Santa Sara's headquarters. He was almost crushed by the blow that had fallen upon him, and he rode along with a stern face and eyes bent down, unheeding the courteous greetings of those whom he met.

At last he halted, after a ride of several miles, at the entrance to a handsome villa, surrounded by a large and well tilled estate. The grounds were beautiful, filled with ornamental trees, and the white villa, surrounded by its columned piazzas, was a very fine structure, the home of wealth and refinement.

Here he had lived a happy life with his loving wife and beautiful daughter. Now, upon that grand home a cloud rested, a storm of sorrow and despair seemed about to break. But his face grew lighter as he rode up to the villa, and from his lips came the sternly uttered words:

"I will confess all to them. They shall know the truth!"

He dismounted, a native servant taking his horse, and upon the shady side of the piazza he saw his wife and daughter, the

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**Pimples**—"Headaches, nose bleed and pimples made me so weak that I could not work. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me good sleep, strength, and cured me." Arthur M. Ehrentraut, 1941 West Fayette-st., Syracuse, New York.

**Pure Blood**—"My work was formerly a burden but now it is a pleasure, and all because Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me new, pure blood. I now have good color and eat well." Mrs. Alfred A. Howard, 105 Summer-st., Taunton, Mass.

**Consumptive Cough**—"Five years ago I had a consumptive cough which reduced me to a skeleton. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and recovered normal health. I have been well ever since." Matilda Bridgewater, corner Pearl and Chestnut-sts., Jeffersonville, Ind.

**Leg Sores**—"Sores on my wife's limb were so bad she could not walk. Physicians' aid of no value and she used crutches. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla she laid them aside and walked freely." Fred A. Hoyle, Reynolds Bridge, Conn.

**Poor Health**—"I never saw anything beat the way Hood's Sarsaparilla lifted me up. It sharpened my appetite and gave me a new lease of life. I can work every day." Freeman N. Bixby, Meredith, N. H.

**Scrofula**—"My wife was afflicted with scrofula for fifteen years. Scabs formed on sores. Hair was matted. Her skin was rough, itching and burning. Six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla worked a complete cure." M. E. Stevens, Charlotte Center, New York.

**Run Down**—"I am a wounded veteran of the civil war. I get all run down by spring time and not able to work. Hood's Sarsaparilla always cures me. My wife praises it for curing nervousness and rheumatism." J. A. Robinson, Colchester, Conn.

**Asthma**—"I was troubled with asthma for many years, being worse spring and fall. No medicine availed until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which completely cured me. Many others heard of my cure and they use Hood's." C. L. Rhodes, Etna, O.

**Rheumatism**—"My husband has been greatly benefited by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for rheumatism. I take it when weak and worn out, as it is the best." Mrs. M. Leddy, 616 Waverly-av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Catarrh**—"I was a sufferer from catarrh and sore throat and could not eat without great distress. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, felt better, continued to gain and have been greatly benefited." Mrs. S. R. Plummer, 385 Union-av., Laconia, N. H.

**Weakness**—"I bless the day I heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it cured me of extreme weakness after grip, built my husband up after pneumonia, cured eczema and blood poisoning in our children." Mrs. M. A. Dilworth, Box 4, Embreville, Pa.

**Rheumatism**—"A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla entirely cured my sufferings from rheumatism. Later on is stopped dyspepsia, from which I suffered intensely. I can eat anything now." Wm. A. Buckley, 344 Summer-st., East Boston, Mass.

**Catarrh**—"Many years' suffering from catarrh makes me appreciate Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured me; also of indigestion and kidney trouble. It gave me strength and good appetite." Mrs. O. J. Phillips, Pontiac, Mich.

**Liver and Kidneys**—"My mother was very sick with congestion of the liver and kidney trouble. Nothing helped her until we got Hood's Sarsaparilla, which showed its effects with first dose. She is well and hearty." Mrs. L. A. Stone, Winthrop, Me.

**Sick Headache**—"For years I tried different medicines for my sick headaches. Found no relief until I used Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is marvelous in its cures." Mrs. Henry Miller, 629 Leonard-st., Dunkirk, N. Y.

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former in a hammock, the latter seated near and reading to her.

The Senora Delgarde still retained the handsome face and form that had won the heart of the American nineteen years before. They had met upon a sailing vessel on which she was with her father, returning from boarding school in the United States, and he was a passenger en route to Porto Rico. A collision at night, a sinking ship, the splendid pluck of the American, which had saved her life, her father's, and the lives of many more, had begun an acquaintance which ripened into love and ended after a year in the marriage of Senorita Lucia Lamon and Colonel Frank Delgarde.

The only child of this union had been Rozella, at the opening of this story, a lovely girl of seventeen. Well educated and speaking English as well as Spanish, she won the hearts of all who knew her, General Santa Sara being her most persistent suitor.

Laying aside her book as her father approached, Senorita Rozella came and welcomed him, while his wife said:

"You look tired, yes, really ill, Frank—are you ill?"

"At heart, yes; and I will tell you why, for I have just had a scene with General Santa Sara."

"And all about poor little me," ruefully said Senorita Rozella.

"In part, yes; but I wish to tell you and your mother a strange story, my daughter. I will tell you the whole truth, from the long ago up to the scene in the home of Santa Sara, and you will judge what it is best for me to do."

They were very serious now, for they knew that something had happened to deeply move the husband and father, and, rising from her hammock, the Senora said:

"I fear you have had some great trouble, Frank, and Rozella and myself will do all we can to cheer you up."

She spoke in English, for in their home life they seldom addressed each other in Spanish.

Taking a seat where he could look both his wife and daughter in the face, and note the impression of his words upon them, Colonel Delgarde begun the long story he had to tell, and it was a painful one to come from his lips.

There was an expression deeply anxious upon the face of mother and daughter as they listened, while the man talked on, and only at the end awaited their judgment, with such a look as a prisoner on trial for his life might wear while awaiting the verdict of a jury who held his fate in their hands.

"Father, face the ordeal, for I have no fear what the end will bring," cried Rozella, in her impulsive way, as she threw her arms around her father's neck and kissed him.

"God bless you, my child," and he turned toward his wife.

"Frank, stand firm, come what may, for my whole trust is in you today, as it has ever been."

The strong man buried his face in his hands, and his whole form quivered with emotion. Then he said, suddenly:

"The woman wants gold and can be bought; but those papers, though forgeries, I must have."

And this resolve burned itself into heart and brain, and would not down. He had decided that the papers held by General Santa Sara he would have, and then, with the woman's silence bought, he need have no dread of what the Spaniard might do.

"I must see her, and this night, and at the same time secure those papers at any cost."

So he said and his mind was made up, his plan of action formed and when night came he acted.

Any one seeing him ride away from his home that night would have ever recognized, in the clever disguise he wore, as a Spanish cavalry officer and with a false beard covering his face, the American planter, Colonel Delgarde.

He knew the grounds of the general's villa well, and the house as well, for often he had been a guest there when the two were friends, and he knew also that at that hour Santa Sara would be at the Spanish club in San Juan, while, at his home, the woman would be alone. Leaving his horse hidden in the shrubbery, he approached the villa unseen and saw no one. He entered the room, where he had, a few hours before, heard his alternative pronounced by General Santa Sara for him to act upon.

No one was there and it was dimly lighted. He approached the desk that held the coveted papers.

He had come prepared for action, stopping at a locksmith's and securing for a liberal bribe, a bunch of skeleton keys. A moment's trial found one to open the lock and the heavy desk lid was opened. Another key opened the inner compartment.

There was the large envelope, tied with red tape.

He seized it and thrust it into his pocket.

As he did so there was a shriek behind him.

It was the woman he had hoped to find, and he sprung toward her.

But she shrieked wildly and cried:

"Help! Help! Robbers, murderers, are here!"

The cry was in English, not understood in that household.

But it was heard and brought to the scene a huge Spanish soldier, General Santa Sara's orderly and confidential valet, a man hated by all who knew his overbearing, cruel ways.

He sprung toward Colonel Delgarde with sword uplifted to cut him down, unheeding the fact that he saw before him, as he believed, a Spanish officer, knowing only that his master's desk had been opened and before him was the robber.

Another second and he would have cut the American down, but in self-defense Delgarde acted, and just in time. There was a flash, a report, and the Spanish orderly fell dead.

At the same instant there came into the room General Santa Sara and half a dozen soldiers.

This thrilling story will be continued next week. See the Ledger's liberal subscription offer on page thirteen.

## THE DEAREST EYES.

By Ella Martin.

Dear serious eyes of brown,
They haunt me so!
They come to me from out the past,
And o'er my soul their spell is cast—
They flee not at my frown,
But on me glow!

Dear kindly eyes of blue,
On me they beam!
I love in reverie to see
The light that they have shed for me—
These gentle eyes so true,
Sweet as a dream!

Dear loving eyes of gray,
The others flee,
And broken is their magic spell,
When tender eyes I love so well
Plead silently to stay,
They dwell with me!

## Queen Victoria's Fads.

Queen Victoria dislikes cold meat, suede gloves, artificial flowers and the odor of furs.

Her alias, when she finds it advisable to use an incognito, is either the Countess of Balmoral or the Duchess of Lancaster. The latter is one of her numerous titles.

The queen is the possessor of one of the best-toned pianos in the world—it is a magnificent Georgiann, made of Amboyna wood. There are in all sixty pianos in her various palaces.

When members of the queen's family or any German relatives visit London and occupy Buckingham palace, "by invitation," they pay their board just like common folks in a first-class hotel.

"Queen's bounty" costs Victoria on an average $1,500 a year. The queen, when she sent three sovereigns to a mother who had given birth to three children forty years ago, probably did not foresee to what vital dimensions the "bounty" would grow.

Her majesty was recently presented with $100 by an Indian chief of British Columbia, doubtless as a thank offering for the $5,000 he recently received for the 60,000 fish he had caught and sold. The queen acknowledged the gift by letter, accompanied by an engraving of herself and two pleats of sheep's wool.

There is said to be only one man who has ever dared to make a joke in the presence of the queen of England. This was Canon Shore, an Irishman, and one time tutor in the royal family. Discussing the infidelity and heterodoxy of shoemakers as a class, he said "one could hardly expect a shoemaker to believe in the immortality of the sole (soul.)" Her majesty enjoyed the joke and laughed heartily over it.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
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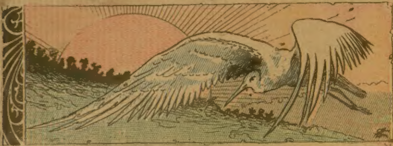
Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice---A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.



# A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

## *The Strange Story of the Scarlet Masks---Love and Hate Entwined--The Dramatic Sequence of a Great Sin.*

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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### SYNOPSIS.

Gaspard and Helene de Fontenelle, twins, and since their mother's death reared by Madam Beaumont, are on their twenty-first birthday expecting a visit from their father. Instead Pedso Casello arrives and summons them to visit their dying father. They travel a long distance into the Forest of Fountainbleau with Pedro, and come to an old castle, the hidden seat of a band of robbers known as the Scarlet Masks. They find that their father is chief of the robbers and is dying. He commands Gaspard to take his place as chief and to avenge the wrongs done to the father and mother. He tells his children that in his youth he had lived with Count de Kercheval, whose son, a dissolute fellow, had married a rich cousin by whom he had a son and daughter, afterward he ruined Gaspard's father by having him charged with theft in order to secure the ruin of young Mrs. Fontenelle, but the lady died of a broken heart and Fontenelle joined the Scarlet Masks and in time became their chief. Gaspard becomes the chief of the Scarlet Masks. Helene remains to aid him. Pedro falls in love with her. Charles de Kercheval, now growing old, has returned after twenty years to the old chateau. His beautiful daughter Marguerite is with him. His son Armande, an officer in the king's guard, will soon visit his father and sister. Fontenelle, when dying, had commanded Gaspard to kill Armande, to wound the father, his old enemy. Gaspard, hating the awful task, prepares to do so. Gaspard and two of the bandits lie in wait for Armande, but Gaspard is shot dead by the young man. Helene then became chief of the Scarlet Masks and plans to avenge her father's wrongs and her brother's death. Old Marquis St. Maur, whose lands adjoin those of the de Kercheval, dies, and his estranged son, Maurice comes home as heir to the estate. The de Kerchevals have never seen the young man. Helene has the Scarlet Masks capture and imprison him in the castle retreat, and dressed in his clothes and with his carriage she goes to the St. Maur chateau, and afterward she calls on the de Kerchevals as Maurice St. Maur and makes love to Marguerite. Charles de Kercheval is anxious to marry her to the rich young St. Maur, as he himself has squandered his son and daughter's patrimony, which they were to come into on their twenty-fifth birthday. Helene, as Maurice St. Maur, pretends to love Marguerite. They become engaged and are married and Helene takes her bride to the bandit retreat. Marguerite is horrified when she finds she has married the bandit chief. Helene restores the girl to her father in order that he may suffer shame. Helene then plans to crush Armande. She goes to Paris as a young heiress and Armande meets and falls in love with her, not knowing that as a man she has married his sister. Armande proposes to Helene and is accepted. Pedro comes to Paris insanely jealous and taunts her with having abandoned her purpose of revenge. She tells him to wait and see. The real Marquis St. Maur falls in love with poor Marguerite and offers himself to her. Armande swears he will kill the bandit chief, not knowing that that person is the woman he is to wed. The day of Armand's marriage to Helene approached. She herself had fallen in love with the handsome young man but she deserted him that the Fontenelle's wrongs might be revenged.

### CHAPTER XX—(Continued.)

A little later Hortense, enveloped in a long, dark cloak, stole out of the castle. She walked rapidly along the path to the bowlder concealing the entrance to the retreat. She swung this aside, passed through and replaced it. Then she made her way to a small shed in the forest where the bandits always kept two horses to be used in cases of emergency. Bridle and saddle hung in the shed. These Hortense quickly put upon one of the horses, mounted and gaining the road which wound through the forest, sped swiftly away in the moonlight.

### CHAPTER XXI.

Helene was standing beside the graves of her father and Gaspard. For some little time she stood motionless with the silvered radiance of the moon upon her face, which gleamed marble white against the midnight darkness of her hair.

At length she turned slowly away. As she passed out of the enclosure a man's tall form came forward and stood in her path. It was Pedro, Pedro with lips set doggedly, determinedly, and eyes all alight with passion.

Helene lifted her eyes and looked at him steadily. She drew her graceful figure a little more erect and waited in silence for him to speak.

"Helene," he said, hoarsely, "the time has come for me to speak. The love I bear you seems consuming my very soul. You must have seen that I love you. God! I loved you from the first moment my eyes rested upon you."

"I have not been blind to your feelings for myself," she replied, quietly, and an anguished rage smote the man's soul as he saw how powerless he was to move her. "I regret having inspired such feelings, which, from the first, you must have seen could never be reciprocated by me."

"A man does not reason in that way when he loves a woman as I do you," he cried. "He must hope or go mad. I know you do not love me now, but all I ask is a chance to teach you to care for me. I am a great strong man, but my love for you has so entwined itself about every fiber of my body that my very soul grows sick at the mere thought of not winning you for my own," and he caught her hands, grasping them so fiercely that he bruised her flesh, while he bent over her with wild eyes which would have struck terror to the hearts of most women.

But Helene de Fontenelle had never known the meaning of the word fear and she met Pedro's eyes with a haughty frown and said, coldly:

"Release my hands, if you please; you are hurting me."

He dropped her hands and drew back, subdued for the moment by her fearlessness and the indomitable will which had never failed to dominate him before.

"Let us end this matter now and forever," she continued. "You have been kind to me ever since I first came to this place, and I am sorry to cause you pain, but what you wish is quite impossible. I do not love you, I never could love you, therefore, all your efforts to awaken a reciprocal feeling in my heart would be utterly futile."

"I do not believe it," he cried, passionately. "You shall not take from me hope, drive me to despair. When I saw you in the arms of Armande de Kercheval I thought that you loved him, and my brain was on fire. I did not know until later how consummately a woman can feign a love when there is hatred in her heart, and I could hardly restrain myself from rushing upon him and stilling the breath upon his lips forever while the warmth of your kiss still lingered on them. But I was wrong, I know now that you do not love him."

"How do you know this?" asked Helene.

"Because you are a woman, and you would never have sent him from you had you loved him," replied Pedro. "Oh, I know full well the strength of your will, but a woman is weak when she loves. You told me that you would still carry out your plan of vengeance even if you loved Armande de Kercheval, but I did not believe you, for, God! I know how far stronger than all else is love. There is nothing I would not do to win you. I would pass through the fires of hell to hold you in my arms for one moment, to kiss your lips but once. Have pity on me," and he fell on his knees at her feet and clutched her dress with his hands.

His white face, upon which great drops of sweat glistened in the moonlight, was upturned to hers. She looked down upon him with something like pity in her beautiful, tired eyes.

"Listen to me," she said. "The sight of a man's face, the sound of a man's voice will never cause my heart to beat quicker, for that heart lies in my breast like a dead thing. It died to all love when I bade Armande de Kercheval farewell forever."

He started, his teeth came together with a snap, while through them came a sound which was half a moan and half a muttered oath. He sprang to his feet, bent over her and his hands clutched her throat.

"You do love him," he muttered, with livid lips, "curse him. By God! I will crush out your life and thus still forever the love for him in your heart."

She looked up steadily into his face, horrible with its distorted features and glaring eyes. There was not a shadow of fear in her own.

"I do not value my life very highly," she said, quietly, "but I think you will be sorry later if you commit such a coward's act."

His hands fell from about her throat. He stood before her trembling and quivering through all his strong frame.

"Go," he muttered, hoarsely, "you have driven me mad. Go, lest the temptation to kill you, to thrust out of existence the beauty which can never be mine prove too strong for me."

She gave him a grave, steady look, in which was mingled pity and a tinge of contempt. Pity, for she knew the fierce nature of the man and how dreadfully he suffered; contempt, that he possessed not the will to control himself better. Then she turned and walked slowly towards the castle.

### CHAPTER XXII.

"Monsieur Armande, there is a woman below who wishes to speak with you."

Armande de Kercheval, sitting beside his father's bed, turned with a surprised look in his haggard eyes.

"A woman at this hour of the night," he exclaimed. "Who is she and what is her business?"

"That I do not know, monsieur," replied the servant. "She said nothing, save that she wished to see you and that her business was important."

"Very well, I will see her," said Armande as he rose.

The straining eyes of the Count de Kercheval, burning in the still pallor of his face, followed his son as he moved towards the door.

"Tell Jean to come and sit with my father," said the latter to the servant. "Where is the woman?"

"In the library, sir," was the reply.

A woman turned swiftly towards the door as Armande entered the library.

She slipped back from her head the hood of the long cloak she wore and Armande de Kercheval looked curiously at her face, with its extreme fairness, vivid red lips and crowned with a mass of pale gold hair.

She looked at him steadily, intently.

"You are Monsieur Armande de Kercheval?" she said.

"I am, madame, at your service," he replied.

"I have come to put it in your power to deliver over to the authorities the chief of the Scarlet Masks," she said.

Armande de Kercheval gave a quick start.

"Who are you?" he cried, but, even as he spoke, he remembered the Marquis St. Maur's description of the woman called Hortense who dwelt with the bandits of the Scarlet Masks and knew that that woman now stood before him.

"It matters but little who I am," she replied. "It is sufficient that I possess the power to deliver over the chief of the Scarlet Masks."

"What is your object in so doing?" asked Armande de Kercheval."

"There is a reward of 50,000 francs for the chief of the Scarlet Masks, alive or dead," she replied. "I have lived for ten years with the bandits and have grown weary of the life. This 50,000 francs will enable me to escape from it. That is," and she shivered slightly, "if they do not kill me before I am out of their reach."

"Then, if I understand you aright, it is simply your intention to betray the chief of the Scarlet Masks?" said Armande de Kercheval; "you do not also intend to divulge the secret of their retreat?"

"You are perfectly correct, monsieur," she replied. "I have no intention of betraying the secret of the retreat, though by doing so I would secure myself, and I trust to your honor not to take advantage of my visit here to endeavor to discover that secret."

"It would never occur to me to do so," replied Armande de Kercheval. "I am interested solely in the chief of the Scarlet Masks," and his brow grew dark and his beautiful, haggard eyes lignted ominously.

"Of this I am aware," said Hortense, "and for this reason I came to you instead of communicating directly with the chief of police in Paris. But I must come to the point. If I do not return to the retreat before daylight my absence will be discovered, I shall be suspected and probably share the fate of a bandit who once tried to play the part of traitor," and she lifted her hand significantly to her throat. "Please listen to me, attentively. Do you remember that part of the road through the forest where you were held up by the bandits?"

"I remember it perfectly," replied Armande de Kercheval, grimly."

"Very good," continued Hortense. "On Friday afternoon the chief and three of his men will be lying in wait at the same point for a traveling coach. This coach will not pass there until about six o'clock. Tomorrow will be Wednesday. You will have time, will you not, to communicate with the police and make all arrangements?"

"Ample time," replied Armande.

"The chief and the other bandits will be at the place of attack between four and five o'clock," continued Hortense. "They will conceal themselves among the trees on the right of the road. The gendarmes will know how to approach and surround them."

"I understand perfectly," said Armande de Kercheval. "But now about yourself? You will leave the retreat before the chief is taken prisoner, will you not?"

"Yes," she replied. "I will pretend to be ill Friday morning and not able to leave my room. Then I shall watch an opportunity to get away unobserved. I shall go immediately to Paris, wait there until after the capture of the chief, claim the reward, and at once leave France if I would preserve my life," and she smiled a faint, cold smile. "And, now, I must go," she added, drawing the hood over her head.

She moved towards the door, then, suddenly turned.

"Ah! I came near forgetting," she said. "Monsieur de Kercheval, you have a servant in your employ called Andre?"

"Yes," replied Armande de Kercheval,

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June 20th, 1898.

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with a look of surprised inquiry.

"Have him closely watched, monsieur, and if he attempt to leave the chateau seize him and confine him where he cannot possibly escape."

"What do you mean?" cried Armande de Kercheval. "Is it possible that this Andre is a bandit placed here as a spy?" he added, with a deep frown.

"Yes, monsieur," replied Hortense; "and if he learn of my visit the chief will not be captured and my life will not be worth a moment's purchase."

"I will attend to the fellow," said Armande de Kercheval, sternly.

Hortense turned to the door. Armande moved forward and opened it for her.

Hortense stepped across the threshold, but the next moment shrank back with a suppressed cry, at the same time trying to draw forward the hood so as to conceal her face.

Armande sprang quickly by her.

The butler was coming along the hall, followed by a tall, strong, red-haired, bold-eyed fellow, dressed as a footman. The latter had paused abruptly, his eyes fixed upon Hortense.

At first he stared at her wonderingly, then, as she shrank and cowered, his eyes lighted savagely, a muttered oath left his lips, he leaped suddenly forward and made a dash for the front doors.

Armande de Kercheval sprang after him, and, as he stood fumbling wildly with the knob of the door, caught him by the collar, dealt him a blow on the side of the head which laid him stunned and prostrate upon the floor. Then Armande turned to the amazed butler and said, quietly:

"Call some of the men, have this fellow bound and then confined in one of the strong rooms."

When Andre recovered consciousness he found himself lying bound hand and foot. He looked at first vaguely about him until his eyes fell upon Hortense, when they lit with a glare of fury and he struggled desperately to break his bonds.

"Traitoress, damnable traitoress!" he cried, "may the curse of hell blast you! God! I would give my life for just a few moments' freedom in which to tear your false heart from your breast!"

"Take him away," said Armande de Kercheval to the men. And as they obeyed Andre's head sank upon his breast and the fury in his eyes gave place to despair.

"Betrayed!" he murmured, "betrayed, and I, trapped like a rat, am powerless."

Armande turned to Hortense whose lips were pale and whose limbs trembled.

"He is quite powerless to do you any ill now," said Armande.

She smiled wanly.

"Yes," she murmured, "and I realize what it means to live a hunted life."

"Do you regret what you have done?" asked Armande, curiously.

She lifted her head and a strange, exultant light leaped to her eyes.

"Regret it!" she cried, passionately. "No; a thousand times no. I shall not regret it even in the moment before death should I pay for it with my life."

The next moment she turned, opened the door and passed out into the night.

When old Jean entered the room where the Count de Kercheval lay, he slowly, reluctantly, approached the bed. He gave a little sigh of relief when he saw that those awful eyes were closed and that the count was sleeping.

Jean sat down beside the bed, and, in a little while his white head sank upon his breast, his faded, gentle eyes grew pained and troubled.

"I do not see how I can keep the knowledge from Monsieur Armande," he said, unconsciously speaking aloud.

He started at the sound of his own voice in the silence of the room and turned quickly towards the bed. The eyes of the Count de Kercheval were wide open and met his piteously entreating.

"Oh, Monsieur le Comte, do not look at me like that," cried old Jean. "What can I do? Monsieur Armande will now have control of everything. He must discover how matters stand. Monsieur le Comte, old Jean would give the few remaining years of his life to keep such knowledge from Monsieur Armande, to spare you, but I am powerless. Oh, do not think harshly of me, Monsieur le Comte, the good Lord knows I have loved you and served you faithfully for many years."

He bent his head and pressed his lips to the long, waxen hand which lay, like a dead hand, outside the coverlet. Then, with a shudder, he turned away, he dared not look upon that still, colorless face, with its terrible eyes.

Very early the next morning Armande de Kercheval started for Paris. In the evening he returned. He made a pretense of dining, and, before going upstairs to visit his father and Marguerite, he summoned Jean.

"Jean," he said, "tomorrow morning I wish to look over my father's books, accounts, etc. Be in the library, therefore, about ten o'clock."

Jean's head sank upon his breast.

"Yes, Monsieur Armande," he replied, in a low voice.

Armande went upstairs to his sister's room. Marguerite had been informed of her father's condition, but the physician had cautioned Armande against allowing her to see the count.

"The shock might prove very injurious to her in her present weak condition," he said.

"Oh, Armande, the day has seemed so long," murmured Marguerite, piteously, as he bent over and kissed her.

"Perhaps the shadows will drift away from your life, sweet Marguerite," Armande was thinking, as he looked down upon her pale, wan face.

The night passed and the morning came, Thursday morning.

Jean had arranged everything in the library as the latter had instructed him. Then Jean went to his own little room and waited with his white head bowed upon his trembling old hands.

An hour passed and then a voice in the corridor outside called "Jean, Jean!"

The old man rose, went to the door and opened it. One of the maids was outside.

"Jean," she said, "Monsieur Armande wants you in the library," and Jean felt as though those words were his death-warrant.

A little while later he stood, with bowed head like a criminal, before Armande de Kercheval. The latter looked very white and stern.

"Jean," he said, "I am amazed, horrified. Can you give me any explanation of the terrible condition in which I find my father's affairs? Why, our home, the ancestral home of De Kercheval, is mortgaged, and, unless redeemed, will, at my father death, pass into the hands of strangers. But, thank heaven, I shall be able to prevent that as soon as I come into my fortune. But, tell me, Jean, what has my father done with all the money he has raised?"

"The greater part of the money went for Mademoiselle Marguerite's expenses and your allowance, Monsieur Armande," replied Jean, in a low voice.

"Jean, you cannot know what you are talking about," cried Armande de Kercheval. "Mademoiselle Marguerite's allowance and mine come from the fortune we inherit from our mother."

Jean made no reply. Armande looked at his bowed form, drooping head and trembling hands for a moment or so while a great fear gathered in his eyes.

"Jean, Jean!" he cried at length, "my God! it cannot be possible that my father has made way with the fortunes of Marguerite and myself? Speak, man! This suspense is maddening!"

But Jean did not speak, he simply lifted his sad eyes to Armande's face, and in them the latter read his answer. The next moment Armande de Kercheval had thrown himself into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "is the house of De Kercheval accursed?"

The long hours of the day passed.

The Count de Kercheval lay with his eyes, yearning, infinitely pitiful, fixed upon the door, but the one for whom he watched, in terrible mute anguish, came not.

The physician paid his daily visit towards evening. Upon leaving the sick chamber he sought Armande de Kercheval who had spent that long, bitter day shut up in the library. The physician started at the sight of the young man's face.

"Great heavens! Monsieur Armande! What is the matter with you?" he cried. "Are you ill?"

"No, I am not ill," replied Armande de Kercheval, "but—I have been worried today. You wish to speak with me, doctor?"

"Yes," gravely replied the physician. "Monsieur Armande, a change for the worst has taken place in your father's condition. He cannot last more than a few days and he may die at any moment. Death can be nothing but a merciful release in a case like his."

"Yes," quietly replied Armande de Kercheval, "it is far better so."

After the departure of the physician Armande de Kercheval slowly ascended the stairs and entered his father's room. Darkness had fallen and a night lamp burned beside the bed.

The eyes fixed upon the door lighted with something like joy as they fell upon the form of Armande. The latter approached the bed and looked down into the eyes which met his so imploringly, with such passionate intensity that it seemed to Armande that the mute lips opened and spoke the word,

"Forgive!"

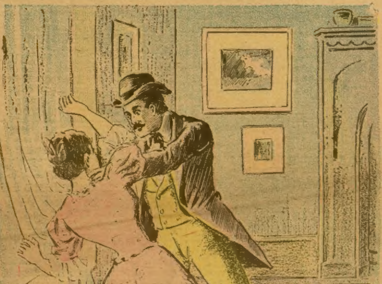
Armande looked across inquiringly at Jean who stood upon the other side of the bed.

"He knows all, Monsieur Armande," said Jean. "He has watched that door all day for your coming. Oh, Monsieur Armande, look into his poor eyes; tell him that you forgive."

"Father," said Armande, "I do not know what has tempted you into betraying the trust my mother gave to you, leaving my sister and myself penniless, depriving me of my birth-right. You can speak no word in justification of yourself, for heaven has set the seal of silence upon your lips. I shall speak no word of reproach to you; I shall not judge nor condemn you, for you will soon stand in the presence of a Judge who cannot err."

He paused for a moment, but there was no change in the expression of the eyes

(Continued on page fifteen.)



"Traitoress! damnable Traitoress!" he muttered.

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# WOODEN INDIAN'S WIDOW

***Story of a Rash and Remarkable Marriage---An Actress Involved---In Quest of a Lost Fortune.***

By MARO ROLFE.
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### SYNOSISP.

Anabel Sheldon, an actress, is stranded in a western village. She becomes engaged to seven different men in five weeks and spends another week in wondering how she is to get rid of them. Wishing to make some money so she could wed Harringtone Chillworthy, leading actor in her company, who had gone on to Chicago, she decided to raffle herself off. The seven engaged men paid big prices for tickets, but one of their number, Jim Stone by name, got intoxicated and did not appear at the raffle until after it was over. Stone being absent the others agreed to put a wooden Indian cigar sign in his place. The wooden Indian won Anabel. One of the engaged men was a justice and he married Anabel to the wooden Indian. Jim Stone appeared later and emptied his revolver into the wooden bridegroom. That night Anabel escaped and went to Chicago. She and Chillworthy arrange to be married, but Chillworthy is arrested for a supposed murder. Finally the actor is permitted to go to Anabel's home in charge of an officer and the lovers are wedded, then Anabel faints and creates a scene in which the actor escapes. He hides at a friend's house. Jim Stone comes to Chicago. He tells Anabel that an eccentric uncle of hers has left her three hundred thousand dollars. He had been a miser before his death and had kept a junk shop and had once owned the wooden Indian. His will stated that a paper would be found in the head of the wooden Indian telling where the wealth was. The wooden Indian had been shipped to a Chicago auction house with other junk.

## CHAPTER V.

### A CLEAR-CUT PROPOSITION.

"I'd know your late husband, Mr. Dummy," asserted Jim Stone, "if I should see him in a whole army of wooden Indians, for I could see the six marks where I shot him in the chest, and I'm sure to find him. Of course I'm a gawk, but I ought to be up to the tricks of a fellow like that."

His enthusiasm was not wholly pleasing to Anabel. She did not consider him entirely disinterested and she knew that what he hoped for could never be.

"I am sure to have trouble with him and all that," she thought, "bound to in time. I wish he'd find the cigar sign and get out; I'd pay him well if he'd do that, but he won't. He's likely any day to learn all about my marriage and then he'll break loose in a way to make me sick of life. Harry must get away from here—he isn't safe while Jim knows where he is. I'll attend to that this very night."

As for Jim Stone, he braced himself up with several drinks and set out on his quest for the wooden Indian. He kept himself braced up and kept up the search. He had no idea how many wooden Indians there were in Chicago, nor how many miles he would have to travel to see them all, but he was willing to take the time and trouble if need be. He was going to help Anabel get her fortune and then he was going to marry her and take her back to Shadeville in great style and excite the envy of all his six rivals and have the whole village at his feet. Then he was going to have good clothes, good eating and good drinking the rest of his life and he was going to live in Chicago and have the finest saloon in town. This was his ambition as he revealed it to Anabel.

She had seen Chillworthy, and it had been arranged that he should leave Chicago as soon as he got strong enough. She had added to her small hoardings and had money enough for her present needs. Besides she was earning a little more all the time. Her husband once in safety, she felt equal to the task of dealing with Stone. She hoped his quest would be successful. Then she could give him some money and some hope and get away from him. Even should he learn of her marriage to Chillworthy, her husband would be safe from his resentment and she would suddenly drop out of his knowledge and in time he would give her up and go his way. For the time it was her interest to keep Stone friendly and unsuspicious. She gave him smiles, but no promises.

One day he said:

"I have found the wooden Indian. He's standing before a cigar store away up beyond Lincoln park."

"Are you sure it's the same?" she asked.

"Certain—the brass plate is on his head and my bullet holes are there, only they're full of putty. He's had a new coat of paint, but he's the same wooden Indian you married."

"We must get him, then, but I'd like to see him before we do anything about it," replied Anabel.

"I'll take you out to see him right now or any time."

"Come on, then," she said, promptly.

It was her former husband, Mr. Dummy—there was no doubt of that.

"I never thought I'd be so glad to see him again," laughed Anabel. "Now if we could unscrew that business under his feathers and get out that document, he might stay here a long time and welcome."

"That can't be done. I've tried it. I guess we'll have to buy him," said Stone. "Shall we go inside and dicker for him?"

She nodded assent and they entered the little cigar store. The proprietor was away and would not return until evening, and his wife was suspicious and would not talk to them.

"I'll see about it this evening," Jim said; and he kept his word. The next day he said to Anabel:

"Now I've got the wooden Indian all safe and sound. I've done my part fair and square. We'll just get married now, and then we'll get that three hundred thousand dollars."

"Let's get the money matter fixed first of all," she suggested.

"Not till you're Mrs. James Stone."

"But can't you wait?"

"Not any longer."

"But I'll keep, won't I? Be reasonable."

"You're a little too cute for me and I guess I'll arrange things my own way," said Stone, doggedly.

"But I ought to be considered, too."

"You and Mr. Dummy beat me once," he grinned; "now I and Mr. Dummy are going to have you do just as we want you to."

"A queer courtship yours."

"No courtship at all—just business. I was a chump in Shadeville; in Chicago I'm a sure thing financier. Anabel, I've got that Indian and the paper's in his head all right, but he'll never do you any good till you marry me, and that's all."

"How do you know the paper is there?"

"Because I opened the place and took it out and looked at it, or I saw the envelope it's sealed up in, and that's proof enough. I've got that document and it tells just where your money is hid, or that's what the lawyers say."

"Yes, they say so," answered Anabel, thoughtfully. "Say, Jim—see here—if you really cared anything for me you wouldn't handle this matter in this way and all that."

"Three hundred thousand dollars in cash is a nice fat roll," said Stone.

"Yes—lots of money."

"Well, I could get it without taking you, too, Anabel, if I wanted it that way, and I don't mean to take it that way unless I have to."

"Sure?"

"If I didn't love you I'd tear open that envelope, read that paper and get the cash and never come near you," he said, earnestly. "Anabel, I was willing to have you without any three hundred thousand dollars—you know that—but I ain't going to let you have the wealth without me. That's the difference between my town and your town."

"Then I am to understand that you will get my fortune if you can't get me and I must marry you if I get it at all?" she questioned. "Let me understand you just as you want me to."

"As Mrs. James Stone you can get the three hundred thousand dollars, and as Miss Anabel Sheldon you can't get a cent."

"I don't like your way of doing things," she said. "I'll just think this over a little."

"Take your time. The more you think it over the more sensible you'll be," Jim Stone leered. "Mr. Dummy is safe and the game 's in my hands. Think it over, by all means."

## CHAPTER VI.

### TROUBLE PILED ON TROUBLE.

As soon as she was sure that Jim Stone was not watching her, Anabel hurried to the office of the lawyers having in charge the estate of Jason Trounce. When they had heard her story of the recovery of the wooden Indian and of Jim Stone's scheme to compel her to marry him in order to get the money, one of them said:

"We must get that wooden Indian in our hands at once. Stone could not get the money if he had the paper, because the document is written in cipher, but he could keep you from getting it by retaining possession of the paper. The key to the revelation is in that safe."

"Where does he stay?" asked the other lawyer.

Anabel shook her head.

"Can you reach him by mail?"

"I have no address."

"But he will see you again?"

"Yes, tomorrow, likely."

"All right; we will have a detective follow him to his abiding place, and then we will see what we can do about the matter."

Next morning Anabel stood at Clark and Madison streets and waited for Jim Stone.

He soon leaped from a car and joined her. The lawyers' detective was standing on the opposite side of the street.

"Well?" was Stone's inquiring greeting.

"I've decided that I will not be forced into any arrangement in such a high-handed way," she said. "You can't deal with me in that style."

"And you can't deal with me in any other way," was his determined answer. "Anabel, I want to ask you a question."

"Go on."

"Was that really your brother I saw that night?"

"Do you imagine I deceived you?"

"Do you care anything for that man?"

"Of course I do, and I've a right to. I'd be a bad sister if I didn't like my brother, wouldn't I?"

"I've had my suspicions about that man," Jim went on, "and I'm going to find out all about him without any more waiting."

On the next night but one Harringtone Chillworthy had planned to leave Chicago, and Anabel was glad of it. He was still feeble, but improved somewhat. Soon he would be out of Stone's reach.

Anabel knew that as soon as Stone began inquiring into her affairs at all he would learn everything.

"Ah!" she thought. "Then he will make trouble unless we can cut his claws."

"I thought you'd be more sensible after you'd slept over my proposition," Stone continued.

"I didn't sleep much last night," was her significant answer. "Is there anything more that you have to say today?"

An ugly look gleamed out of his eyes. He breathed hard and it was evident that he was filled with a jealous rage; but he controlled himself and said:

"Marry me, Anabel—I love you."

"I will not be compelled to marry you," she replied, firmly. "I am too stubborn, too much used to having things my own way, for that. What would you think if I should tell you I have determined to do without the money, if I must, rather than be forced into a marriage this way?"

"I would think you would change your mind after a little," he said.

"Well, I can't talk it over any longer now," she declared. "I am not a rich woman, but just a poor little actress who must earn my living and I have a rehearsal on my hands. Good-morning, Jim."

He attempted to prolong the conversation, but she was gone.

His shadow heard him utter a bitter curse as he walked along after him. He never lost sight of Stone until he saw him enter an old house far out on the west side. In a little while Stone came out again and went away. The detective hesitated a moment, then muttered:

"I can't follow him and search the house for the cigar sign, too. I'll search the house."

To search a house in broad daylight would not be easy for some men. For this trained sleuth it was easy enough. He entered boldly and claiming to be from the gas office demanded to see the meter and all the burners in the house. He went into every room and peered into all sorts of odd corners.

"Was it your husband that just went out?" he asked the woman.

"No; a roomer—Mr. Stone, a country gent down here learning the whisky business, he says."

"And how does he get on?"

"Swimmingly, almost. He absorbs about a gallon of practical knowledge every day and evening, I judge; comes in drunk regular every night. Says he keeps his snakes in that big box in his room—looks to me more like a coffin case. Brought it day before yesterday."

"If you don't know what's in the box, you ought to find out," said the detective, earnestly.

"I don't dare to touch it. I've often wished I had a man to open it. S'pose you help me—it's safe, for Mr. Stone won't show up likely till late."

They entered Stone's room and the woman opened the closet door timidly.

The box was gone.

"Land sakes!" she cried. "How he ever got it out so slick I can't guess. They made racket enough putting it in."

A hasty examination convinced the detective that the case, which had probably contained the wooden Indian, had been lowered from the window.

He hurried down town and his employers sent to the theater for Anabel and instructed her to wait for Jim Stone at the usual place next morning.

"We'll take him in hand when you leave him," was the decision. "We'll have to handle him boldly."

That night, after the performance, Anabel went to the house where Chillworthy was staying, to do what she could to hasten his departure. She was told that he had gone for a walk at nine that evening and had not returned.

"Something is terribly wrong!" she cried.

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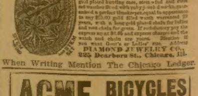

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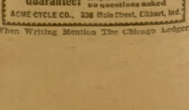

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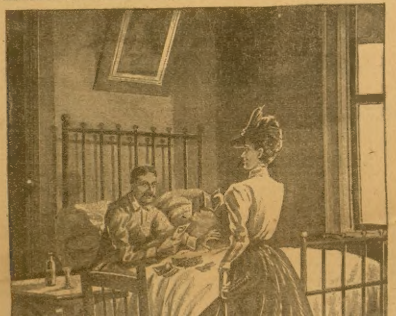
She shuddered as she wondered what the outcome would be.


She emptied the contents of the purse on the bed.

## CHAPTER VII.

## REVELATIONS OF A LONELY GRAVE.

Anabel went out through the darkness and looked for her husband everywhere for many blocks in every direction. She did not find him dead nor come upon any clue to his whereabouts. The balance of the night was full of vague terror to her.

She was out before daylight and got the papers and scanned every page carefully, but saw no account of Chillworthy's capture by the authorities.

She went at the appointed time to watch for Jim Stone. He did not come, but a boy, after asking her name, handed her a sealed envelope. The detectives waiting across the street cursed as they saw Anabel receive the letter.

"The man is too sharp for us," one of them said. "He smells danger and keeps his distance."

"You sought him and could not find him," Anabel read. "He is buried. You will never see him again. I have found out who that man was. I know what he was to you and all your treachery to me. You will never see your money and you will never forget Jim Stone. You won't catch me now, but I'll catch up with you some time."

She felt dizzy and would have fallen had not someone put out a hand to save her. Thrusting the letter in her bosom, she entered a nearby drug store and, after taking a powerful tonic, hastened away to her sister's. She felt it would do no good to go to her lawyer's and she craved womanly and sisterly sympathy so much.

"Dead!" she kept saying to herself. "Dead—dead—dead!! And this is the end of all my dream of love, for—oh, Harry—Harry, I did love you. I have been a careless, sometimes cruel girl, but I did love you, my husband, I did love you!"

She was a pitiable figure when she staggered into her sister's house. The policeman's wife caught her in her arms and supported her to a little room that had always been hers when she was there, the same in which she had sobbed out her despair on that night, many weeks before, when she had waited for her husband that was to be, and he had not come.

"Now," she thought drearily, "he will never come." Her long anxiety and ceaseless work had worn upon her terribly. This added trouble was more than she could bear. She became unconscious and knew nothing more for three weeks. When they told her how long and how dangerously ill she had been, she asked to know all that had happened in the interval.

There was little to tell. The police had not found Chillworthy or heard anything of him. They had seen the letter Jim Stone had written and instituted the most searching inquiries. They could not doubt that Stone was concerned in Chillworthy's death; but they had raked the city unavailingly for Stone and believed that he had fled from Chicago or killed himself. Anabel's lawyers had put themselves in communication with Terrence McGorrigle and informed him of her inheritance and the disappearance of the wooden Indian. The cigar sign had not been recovered and their detectives also had been unable to locate Stone dead or alive.

Anabel took up her daily life again and now for the first time fully realized that existence may be a burden. She seemed so changed that her old gay associates scarcely believed her the same young woman. All her reckless jollity was gone. She was staid and quiet and thoughtful, living every day under the shadow of an awful sorrow.

"Some time I may be myself again and all that," she said, "but the outlook is black enough now."

One day her lawyers sent for her. She sat down with a weary hopelessness and waited for what they might say.

"We have been trying to decipher the key to the document Jason Trounce concealed in the head of the wooden Indian," she was informed, "but we can't do it. Neither the cipher paper nor the key will tell the story without the other. We have sought for the cigar sign in vain—can find no trace of it since it was in Stone's lodgings on the west side. Our detectives believe that if they can penetrate the mystery of your husband's disappearance or assassination they will find out more about Stone, and after that may get some trace of the missing document. Do you follow me?"

Anabel nodded.

"You may be needed to help in some way—perhaps in not a very pleasant way. Are you strong enough to bear a shock and may we depend on you, Mrs. Chillworthy?"

"I feel that I can do or bear anything," she said, earnestly, "anything that can possibly help me to some knowledge of my husband's fate. You have but to instruct me, and so on."

"Could you bear excitement and be a strong, brave woman today?" the lawyer continued.

"Today—this hour. The legacy has lost most of its interest to me but I could go through torture to learn of my husband's fate."

"Well," the lawyer went on, "I wanted to be sure your strength was sufficient before I told you all. Our detectives have already been following clues in your husband's case. Stone's letter to you stated that your husband was dead and buried. We do not know how or where your husband died, but we have found out that at a certain point away out on the further bank of the Desplaines river, Stone and others buried someone on the night before you received that letter. We are going to open that grave and want you to go with us and identify your husband if the body is his. Can you do it?"

"Yes."

"Strengthen yourself as much as you can and be ready to start in an hour's time. We'll await you here."

It was growing dark when they arrived at the lonely grave and the workmen required lanterns. They were an hour unearthing what the grave contained. It was the wooden Indian. With a woman's inconsistency Anabel fainted as she beheld it.

One of the lawyers sawed off the head of the figure and wrapped it up carefully and rolled the remainder of the cigar sign over the bank into the river and thanked fortune they would see it no more.

At the office they put the document and its key side by side and made the astounding discovery that three hundred one thousand dollar bills were encased in the wooden Indian's body.

The astute and careful lawyer had completed the work of the astute and careful Mr. Jason Trounce with a vengeance.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## IT ALL ENDS WELL.

This lawyer, who had lived a Christian life for twenty-five years, now made the disheartening discovery that he had not forgotten how to swear and wondered if men ever really put their sins behind them and if any other man since Adam had ever made such a bad break as he had been guilty of.

A search for the decapitated first husband of Anabel was immediately instituted. A reward of ten dollars was offered. That was more than the mutilated sign was worth as such, and to have offered more would have been to have excited the suspicion of persons of an investigating predilection who might have dissected the remains of Mr. Dummy and blasted the prospects of his widow.

The lawyers waited and hoped, and as for Anabel, she thought unutterable things about them.

A week passed and brought no developments; but on a Sunday morning came the announcement in the papers that the police had, only the night before, obtained proof positive that Mansfield Truesdale had committed suicide and that Harringtone Chillworthy, who had been charged with his murder on circumstantial evidence and had made his escape from the police station immediately after his marriage, had been unjustly accused.

After reading the papers that day, a man who had been picked up unconscious miles out on the south side, and carried into the nearby house of a genuine good Samaritan, or rather Chicagoan, and who had but recently come to a realization that he was still of the earth earthy, called his benefactor to him and gravely announced that he was Harringtone Chillworthy, the sorely persecuted actor who had married Anabel Sheldon in a police station, and wanted to see her worse than he wanted anything else.

"How can I get word to her?" asked the good Chicagoan, without any comment whatever.

Chillworthy gave the address of the McGorrigles.

Anabel was having a dismal Sunday morning of it. The sun was shining brightly, but to her the very skies were black. She sat like one in a trance for ten minutes after the following message was put in her hands:

"Your husband lives and longs for you. Come to the address on the other side."

While waiting for a car down-town she idly watched a detachment of the Salvation Army as it filed past her, drums beating and banners flying.

The ensign placed the end of the flagstaff down on the pavement and beckoned to her ostentatiously. She could scarcely believe her eyes.

"Is that you, Jim Stone?" she asked, half-doubtfully. "Is that you or your ghost?"

"It's me all right, Anabel."

"What are you doing there? You seem out of your element."

"Trying to serve the Lord. Which way are you going, Anabel?"

(Continued on page thirteen.)

FREE TO MILLIONS OF SUFFERERS.

The New Cure for Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid Troubles.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of Swamp-Root.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, Dr. Kilmer, and has truly wonderful powers in curing kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid diseases.

Kidney trouble is responsible for more sickness and sudden deaths than any other disease, and is so deceptive that thousands have it without knowing it.

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Swamp-Root has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief, and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of the Ledger, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and containing some of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact, their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root. Be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at drug stores.

### A London Marriage License.

The cost of the ordinary marriage license in London is £2 2s. 6d. Surrogates in the country charge a little more. The church at which it is intended the ceremony shall be performed must be named in the body of the license. The day is a matter of arrangement with the clergyman. The license endures for three months from the day of obtaining it.

"Going to ride a chainless this year."
"No; a horseless."

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Free Trial Package of This New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address—Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

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The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 644 First National Bank Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

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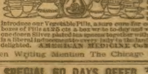

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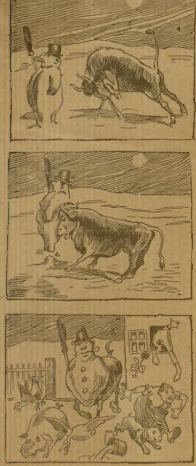
### Why the O'Halligan's Moved.



### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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"Would you like to see women smoke?"

"I think it would be handy if a fellow wanted a light."

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Foreign Novelist—I want to "do" America incognito—to be totally unknown and unrecognized wherever I go.

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### The People Want Pure Goods.

They have proven this. Many families send great distances for all the clothing, groceries, medicine and other articles of daily use because they know that by so doing they can procure a much better article for less money than they can buy at home. This is particularly true of fine whiskey. Any physician will tell you that for many weak people a fine Rye Whiskey is the best tonic and medicine on earth, but the great trouble is to get a pure whiskey in a well ripened, mellow and untampered state. This is now made possible by John Schweyer & Co., whose generous offer appears on another page of this paper. The whiskies distilled by this company have always sold on their known fineness—purity and age. Better read their advertisement and write them today.

### An Ante-Expansionist.

Hoax—How did you find out that Kydder was opposed to expansion?

Joax—By playing poker with him.

"So."

"Yes; as soon as he got into the game he got us to increase the ante."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, that makes him an ante-expansionist, doesn't it?"

### Comparatively Easy.

Edith—They say Jack Ricketts is drinking terribly ever since Penelope refused him. Isn't that awful?

Ethel—Oh, I don't know—just think how much harder he would have drank if she had married him.

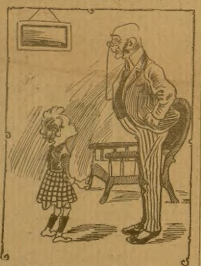
### When Wifey Cries.

When my wife cries— .
 I'd move the world to please the dear.
Such eyes! Such eyes!
 When my wife cries: "You hear! You hear!"

### A Wicked Young Goat.

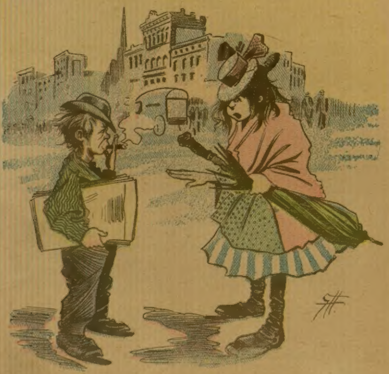
There once was a giddy young chamois,
Who went for a walk with his mamois;
 When she said, "My dear child,
 I fear you are wild,"
The wicked young goat exclaimed, "Damois!"

### Curiosity.

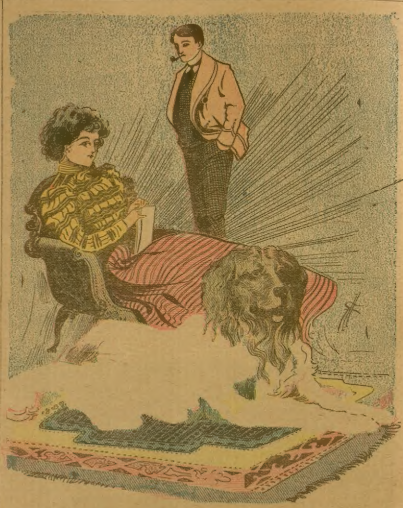


Mr. Baldpate (to bashful boy)—What's the matter, little man? Has the cat got your tongue?

Tom—Naw; has she got your hair?



"What is the 'White Man's Burden'?"
"The dog tax."



She—They thaw out pipes now with electricity.
He—Yes; I wonder how it would work on a Boston girl?

### Homeseekers' Excursions.

On the first and third Tuesdays in April and May, 1899, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets (good 21 days) from Chicago, Milwaukee and other points on its line, to a great many points in South and North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and other western and southwestern states, at greatly reduced rates. Take a trip west and see the wonderful crop results of last year and what an amount of good land can be purchased for a little money. Further information as to rates, routes, prices of farm lands, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

### Injured Innocence.

"That, sir," exclaimed the indignant merchant, "is what I call a gratuitous falsehood."

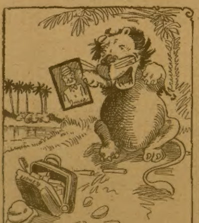
"It's nothing of the kind," replied the unscrupulous salesman; "I get a salary and a commission for telling that falsehood."

### Part of It.

"What do they mean by this phrase, 'The white man's burden?'" asked the citizen who had read Kipling's poem.

"Taxes," replied the other man, who was just then cancelling a revenue stamp.

### After Lunch.



The Lion (gazing on a photo of the late hunter)—He certainly was good to me.

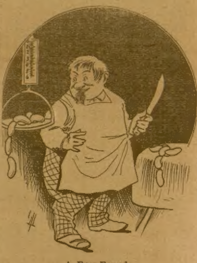
PERSONAL:—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations, warm friends and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply. Personal Correspondence Club, Chicago, Ill.

### What Was Lacking.

Pete—I heah yo's bin admitted to full communion wif de Fust Baptist chu'ch?

Abe (sadly)—Well, no; not exac'ly—dey won't let me take up de collection yit.

### Well-Known Terms.



A Dog Pound.

### How He Won Her.

Hawksley—Here's a pretty girl eloped with a dentist!

Blunt—H'm! I suppose at the last minute he didn't pull the tooth.

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# Improved United States History.

By IKE QUIGLEY, Historian.

[Continued from last week.]

## CHAPTER III.

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

It is indeed wonderful the effect events, insignificant in themselves, have upon the history of nations—aye, upon the world. If Napoleon's marshal had not wasted half an hour flirting with a bar maid the battle of Waterloo would have resulted differently. If Adam had refused to eat the apple Eve handed him you and I would be in the Garden of Eden killing snakes. If an Italian opera company had not visited Iceland two seasons after Lief Erickson left his wife a widow, the Indian would be the monarch of the United States; the wild fox would, unscared, be digging his hole where I sit at this moment, and Europe would have no place to dump the refuse of her population.

But, unlike everything else that didn't, this did; the Italian opera company went to Iceland and Lief's ex-wife got mashed on the dapper little dago who sang first tenor and had the dyspepsia. The dyspepsia was brought on by the peculiar chuck the Iceland hotels served him. He didn't know it was dyspepsia; he thought it was love, and imagined that Lief's remaining better half was the guilty female. It ended in the same old way, for when the dago singers left Iceland the population was shy one widow and Italy added a matron to its census report, as they were married soon after landing. The mayor of the town said they would have to interview the preacher or go to jail.

Of the important events that led up to the occupation of America by the people from the east, the fact that Lief's living half kept a diary seems lost sight of. It is of the greatest importance, for after the eloping of the widow with the tenor singer (resulting in the discontinuance of diplomatic relations between the two nations) Europe forgot, after a few centuries, that such a place as Iceland ever existed. So, I say, it is most important to note, in tracing our history, that she daily recorded her actions and thoughts in a journal. It was an ordinary strip of wall paper, rolled on a piece of broom handle, and the thoughts recorded in several places were so warm that many holes were burnt in the parchment.

When she got ready she died, and the tenor, whose name was Giovani Colombo, desiring to annex another wife, tossed the diary up in the garret with old hoopskirts, bustles, and other rubbish, and there it lay for fifteen or nineteen generations.

Like all other valuable things that are lost in the attic or secret cave, when the time came for the diary to be found it bobbed up serenely like a Jack-in-the-box. It is queer how these things can remain hidden for years, generations and even centuries, awaiting some son of destiny to come along and drag them out. I don't pretend to understand the philosophy of the case; some people insist that it isn't philosophy, that it is moonshine. I will study it out some time in the future and write you about it. The son of destiny in this instance was none other than your old roommate, Christofo Colombo, who Americanized his name into Christopher Columbus.

Chris was a direct descendant of the tenor singer and Lief Erickson's widow. He was at this time a fine, able-bodied youth of 21, too strong to work and too handsome and proud to beg. He pushed a banana cart through the streets of his native city during the day and manipulated a grind-organ in the soft eventide. Between the two he managed to eke out a pretty fair livelihood for a dago.

One night it rained so hard Chris could not take the nerve-shaker out, and while the public was enjoying the blissful quiet, he felt that peculiar condition coming on, that "something" which drives heroines to the haunted cave and heroes to the mouldy attic, Chris lighted a candle, stuck it in a potato and went upon a voyage of discovery. He was looking for money, but he had to be content with a broken hobby horse, a tattered pair of hoopskirts and the diary above mentioned.

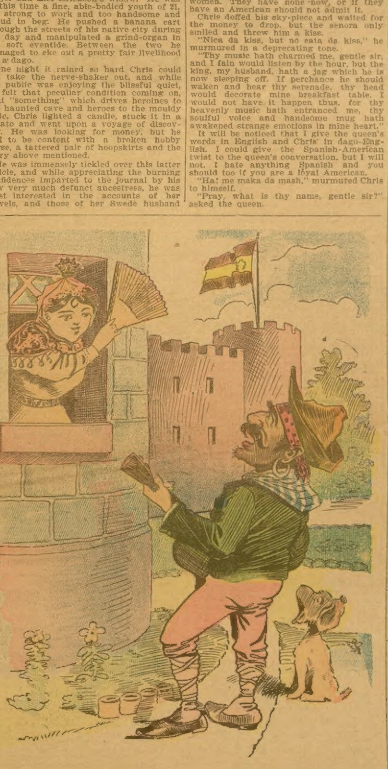
He was immensely tickled over this latter article, and while appreciating the burning confidences imparted to the journal by his now very much defunct ancestress, he was most interested in the accounts of her travels, and those of her Swede husband and lover. He had a little of the emigrant blood in his veins. Immediately his head became filled with strange ideas concerning this far country. His friends said he was "buggy;" maybe he was—some dagoes are very careless.

Chris became so infatuated with his day dreams that he got absent-minded; he would actually hand small change to a man who had purchased a dozen bananas, and he had been known to play the same piece half-a-dozen times on his old wind-jammer and forget to take up a collection before moving on.

After a while he gave up his revenue-producing occupations and went to writing essays and posing as a scientist. He had a globe made on which he traced outlines representing the known world and on the other side he made a great big "?". He knew that India was a long journey to the east and he fancied that his Swede ancestor had gone there by a western route. He tried to tell this to the dagoes, but they wouldn't have it, and as they began to talk about cooping him up, Chris decided it was time to slope. He went to Spain.

That should have been prima facie evidence that he was bughouse; but as he had left Italy the dagoes didn't care, and of course the Spaniards felt complimented by the arrival of even a crazy dago scientist.

There is not much money in science and Chris soon found he would have to work on the side or abandon the science business altogether. The fruit stand has no placé in Spain and Chris' idea of the eternal fitness of things revolted at the idea of a son of Italy peddling hot tamales. The hand-organ was not popular, so Chris bought a second-hand guitar from a pawnshop and learned the Spanish fandango.



Chris. Columbus serenading the Spanish Queen.

One night while out earning a few pesetas he strolled into a beautiful garden, and pausing under a window casement, assaulted the atmosphere with his horrible interpretation of the fandango and anon caroled a dago love song. When he had finished he looked about for someone to donate the price of a macaroni stew, and perceived just above him the face of a beautiful woman.

Spain had at that time several beautiful women. They have none now, or if they have an American should not admit it.

Chris doffed his sky-piece and waited for the money to drop, but the senora only smiled and threw him a kiss.

"Nica da kiss, but no eata da kiss," he murmured in a deprecating tone.

"Thy music hath charmed me, gentle sir, and I fain would listen by the hour, but the king, my husband, hath a jag which he is now sleeping off. If perchance he should waken and hear thy serenade, thy head would decorate mine breakfast table. I would not have it happen thus, for thy heavenly music hath entranced me, thy soulful voice and handsome mug hath awakened strange emotions in mine heart."

It will be noticed that I give the queen's words in English and Chris' in dago-English. I could give the Spanish-American twist to the queen's conversation, but I will not. I hate anything Spanish and you should too if you are a loyal American.

"Ha! me maka da mash," murmured Chris to himself.

"Pray, what is thy name, gentle sir?" asked the queen.

"Christofo Colombo."

"The great Italian scientist? How lovely. I have heard of thee. Thou must come to court tomorrow."

"No lika da pleece court," grunted Chris.

"No, not the police court. I mean present thyself before the throne and meet the king."

"No lika meet him; lika meet you," said Chris, with a leering grin.

"I will see thee then, and who can tell how oft we may meet after that. Adios."

"Good-by, sweetheart; agooda-by."

They kissed their finger tips at each other, and Chris backed away like a blind horse hitched to a mud cart. He fell backward into a flower bed, and then rolled over onto his guitar; the delicate instrument yielded up the ghost with a crash while Chris swore long and softly.

He had wit enough to know that a fellow who could carry on a flirtation with a queen would have to be a peach without any fuzz; he also realized that he would greatly aid the cause of science if he was smooth with the flirtation. How successful he was his "Hints on Flirtation," to be found in every bachelor's apartments, bears silent witness.

Questions for the Student.—Did Adam like the apple Eve gave him? Which would you rather: be in love or have dyspepsia? Why? How many bananas did Chris sell for a nickel? Give a recipe for making hot tamales. Play the Spanish fandango. Were you in the Spanish war? If not, why?

(To be continued next week.)

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26 YEARS OLD.

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## TWENTY TRUSTS A WEEK.

Trusts are being financed in Wall street at the rate of twenty a week. Nearly every article of food, clothing and luxury has been placed under the control of these industrial combinations since May 1. The street is flooded with the common stock of these greatly over-capitalized corporations.

The same scheme has been followed in the organization of every one of them. The plants and good-will of the minor companies are bought at extravagant prices by the issue of 7 per cent culminative stock, and an enormous amount of common stock, which the promoters do not expect to pay dividends, is distributed among the insiders as a bonus. They, in turn, unload it in Wall street, whence it is turned over to the public, which is swallowing it voraciously.

Stock exchange houses are now declining to buy the industrial stocks for their customers on margin, because their banks refuse to lend money on them as collateral and the brokers are unwilling to tie their own money up in them.

Wall street has again busied itself with "trust" making, and the details of the plan to form a $50,000,000 Champagne Trust are made public.

Some of the trusts of the week are:

| | Capital. |
|---|---|
| Champagne Trust | $50,000,000 |
| Forged Steel Joint Trust | 100,000 |
| Oil Stove Trust | 6,000,000 |
| Fish and Game Trust | 1,000,000 |
| Varnish Trust | 30,000,000 |
| Threshing Machine Trust | 30,000,000 |
| Upper Leather Trust | 50,000,000 |
| Banana Trust | 1,000,000 |
| Window Glass Trust | 24,000,000 |
| Paint Trust | 12,000,000 |

Italy's seizure of San Mun bay is having a marked effect in crystalizing the Chinese situation. For Americans the most significant fact is that it has compelled President McKinley to take a stand on the question of the partition of China. Italy sent a note to each of the great powers, including the United States, sounding them as to their attitude on the proposed seizure of San Mun bay and on the partition of China in general. The president is said to have replied deprecating Italy's act and announcing that the United States would take no part in the dismemberment of China unless American commercial interests were seen to be imperiled.

A baking powder trust has been formed in New Jersey. It is to be hoped there is no alum, water, or other deleterious substance in the stock.

By this time the remorseful Agoncillo is probably regarding himself as the Alger of his nation.

# BILLY OF BATTERY B.

BY COLGATE BAKER.

## I.

It was in the hush of those quiet hours after "stables," when the golden sunshine fell aslant through the skylight over the rows of stalls, when the oats were finished, and the only sound was the rustle or sweet-smelling hay—from which the dust floated upward into the yellow block of light above and filled it with dancing motes—that Billy and Bob had their most confidential chats. It was then that Billy had pointed out to him the pitfalls and snares that beset every young high-tempered horse in the service, and was clearly shown the error of his way; and it was then that he poured into the ears of Bob, that hardened old campaigner, all the yearnings and ambitions of his immature colthood.

All day long a white-haired old major-general, who had led his corps through the Wilderness, sat his horse on top of a hill, and watched cavalry charge solid lines of infantry in the teeth of mowing magazine fire, and infantry in their turn walk calmly up to the belching muzzles of a battery's guns. There was a very weary look on the old general's face, for it was one of those days they call "field-days," when, according to the instructions issued on little slips of white and brown paper, "the conditions of actual warfare are to be simulated as far as possible," and all the simulation results in is noisy bawling of orders, dust, smoke, and recrimination and disgust on the part of officers, men and horses. At one time, however, the general's face wore a pleasant smile—that was when B Battery, enveloped in a seething cloud of dust, rolled over the plain hither and thither, vomiting forth flame and smoke like some mighty leviathan warring the elements. Then the general had smiled, keeping his eyes on the stop-watch ticking in his hand, and listening to the cadenced detonations of the six Hotchkiss pieces as they swung "into battery," right, left, front, and rear.

By-and-by, when all the roar and mess was over, after the battery had come home, tired, smoke-begrimed, and dusty, with their heads drooping and the reds of their choked nostrils quivering, Billy tried to founder himself by drinking a bucket of water some one had carelessly left in the corral, and Bob the wise had dragged him away from it and gently kicked him.

It had been a momentous day for Billy. He had been promoted from off-swing horse, No. 1 gun, to near wheeler, same piece—Bob, the regular near wheel horse, having a sore back. For the first time in his military career he had felt a driver's knees pressing his sides, and the responsibility that all this involved had been very great. Then half the time the lead and the swing teams stood loose in their traces, so Billy and Bob had to start the limber unassisted. Between this and the responsibility and the uneven ground, with the limber tongue flying up and threatening to break his driver's legs and Billy's ribs, Billy felt his lot was not one to be envied.

He had seen the sorrels of the cavalry troop next door sweep over the plain on a saber charge like a whirlwind, and pulling at the near wheel trace of No. 1 gun seemed very tame work compared to a free, wild run like theirs over the green bottom. It set Billy thinking of the old blue-grass farm where he was foaled, with its long stretches of meadow that he used to scamper and frolic over in his coltish baby days. Then he leaned over and rubbed his nose along Bob's neck very deferentially, and said, softly:

"Haven't you ever longed to be out of your collar and charge like the cavalry, Bob—just to lay yourself out flat on the green grass and go on till you burst?"

Bob stopped tossing up his hay and looked with a dignified expression of pity at Billy.

"My dear colt! Where are your thoughts wandering? We of Battery B are superior to all that sort of thing. That's all very well for a harum-scarum lot like those sorrels over the fence, who stampede at a red rag on herd, and who would scatter over forty miles of country, if you fired a blank from our three 2-inch among 'em. But for us, Billy, our position in the service does not permit of such pranks. And as for charging, real charging, what charge ever equalled the charge of Senarmont's ten light batteries on the Russian center at Friedland? They unlimbered 120 yards from the front. Why, cavalry ain't in it with us, Billy!"

To this deep and convincing erudition Billy was unable to reply, but nevertheless, deep down in his soul was a longing for a frolic on the old blue-grass meadow and a half-formed wish for a stampede of the battery herd—a thing that never happened.

They were all slashing big bays, the horses of Battery B, and even for horses of a crack light battery they were a proud and exclusive lot. The service forgives the artillery, in a measure, for their assumption of superior importance, but so snobbish were those battery horses to the sorrels of the cavalry troop in the adjacent yard—whom they regarded removed only one degree from quartermaster's mules—that the sorrels approached even the battery fence with awe and trepidation.

"There are whole lots of things you don't know yet, Billy," said the sage of the battery herd, nosing over into his mate's manger for a wisp of hay. "Your homesickness for that sleepy old farm back in Kentucky makes me tired. Instead of having the glorious mission of pulling Uncle Sam's cannon into battle, you'd rather be hauling potatoes into market for some lanky old farmer. But if you had seen what I've see and heard what I've heard, you'd feel thankful for your destiny. Why, colt, I've met fellows that dragged their guns up Cemetery Ridge and Little Round Top, and saw them stop Pickett's charge at the high-water mark of the Confederacy! Those fellows saved their country, Billy. You've a mission, colt—a mission! And you want to get all those crazy ideas about free runs on the old farm and foolish cavalry charges out of your head. It's lucky for you that you weighed 1,500 instead of 1,100, and didn't have skinny withers, or you'd never have the distinction of belonging to Battery B. You'd have gone to the cavalry, and in four years the inspector would have condemned you and sold you into an ash-cart.

"It's not in bran mashes and big feeds of corn that the joys of life lie; it's in appreciating your mission and making the most of it. We are the bowels of the army, the army is the blood and body of the government, and our government is the hope of the world. That's what my father used to say to me, and he saw the whole thing demonstrated in the rebellion. Now, what you want to do is to study your job. When you are flying around out there on the parade, remember the life of your rider and the cannoneers behind you, and, in battle, often the result of the day depends on your keeping your feet. In 'action front,' when you leave the piece, throw yourself into your collar like a cannon ball, or you'll get pulled over some time, and, above all, keep your eyes on the ground so you can jump the hollows and the limber tongue won't fly up and break your rider's legs. If you do that, and always have your tugs taut, you will get your reward some day, though we ain't generally mentioned in histories, Billy."

"It is all very well for you to talk like that, Bob," said Billy. "You are satisfied and proud of your position, but if your old home had been one like the one I left back east, you would feel differently. There were no potatoes to haul and no lanky old farmer there. My sire won the blue ribbon on Churchill Downs, and my master was a real old Kentucky gentleman. I could not have been better created if I had been the favorite of an Arab chief. We bred racing stock. Of course I was only a half-bred, and too heavy to race, so I staid quietly at home. Then master's daughter took a fancy to me in my puppy days, and made me her pet. Every morning she came tripping out to see me in the paddock with an apple or a lump of sugar and a caress. She was the only one that ever rode me, and her bridle hand was so light and her seat so firm and gentle that it was a joy to have her on one's back. We were all very happy back there in those days, Bob, except master, who was always worried and sad. You see, the price on horses had been sinking lower every year, and the mortgage on the farm was eating everything away, and master saw the day staring him in the face when all he had would have to be sold to pay it. The day came, sure enough, with the sheriff and the red auction flag, along with the throngs of curious, callous, hard-featured people. There were some white faces in the family, but not a word of complaint from master's wife and daughter, who went about calm and composed, with a brave smile on their faces, though their eyes were very soft and shiny with sympathy for heart-broken master.

"One by one the dear old things they loved—the pictures, the books, the time-blackened mahogany furniture—were carted away in wagons. Then it came out turn in the stables, and we were walked out and handled and punched by veterinaries. We were trotted around the yard. Our pedigrees were read, and all kinds of lies told about us before the auctioneer knocked us down to the highest bidder. After it was all over and I was tied to a horse-dealer's wagon out in the road, very blue and broken-hearted over our misfortunes, I felt a pair of soft arms steal around my neck, and my little girl's cheek nestling close to me. There was no one near us, and she had come to say good-by. When I turned and rubbed my nose on her shoulder she was crying softly.

"'Good-by, you dear old Billy,' she whispered. 'Good-by! Always be your good and kind and gentle and true self.'

"I know I'll never meet anybody, Bob, who will love me as she did, and now do you wonder that I keep thinking of that old blue-grass farm way back in Kentucky?"

Bob blinked sympathetically, and rubbed his nose up and down Billy's neck to cheer him.

"At the same time, colt," said he, soberly, "don't you think that little girl would be happier if she knew you were following her advice?"

It was very late in the stables now, most of the battery horses were down asleep in their beds of hay. When the sad resonant notes of "taps" came floating in on the night air poor tired Billy did not hear them, for he was fast asleep, too, and dreaming of long vistas of blue-grass meadow, and the gentle voice and hand that used to guide and cheer him on his way.

## II.

The drifting snow, dry and biting as salt, was filling all the hollows and crannies around a desolate camp at the Rosebud agency, on the flat brown plateau of South Dakota, one cheerless December afternoon. Inside the dreary Sibley tents the men were huddled together under blankets, trying to thaw out, and discussing the probable outcome of the uprising of the Sioux ghost-dancers, whose threatened actions had brought all the available horse and foot of our army to the cold barren region where they lived.

A man had risen among them who called himself "the Messiah." He had talked to them in a frenzied and impassioned way in a strain that is ever welcome in the young Indian's ears—of war and the glory of revenge; of the fancied and real wrongs they had suffered at the white men's hands; of the thieveries and peculations of their supplies by the White Father's agents. Then straightway they had streaked their faces with hideous dashes of yellow, vermilion and blue, and stalked into the agency full of unholy desire for slaughter, which had found expression in the saying of a big chief who proclaimed "he could not die happy until he had eaten a white man's heart."

The word of the government had gone forth, for fifteen thousand rabid Indians cannot be dealt with tenderly, and the telegraph wires were kept smoking with hurrying messages to troops who were coming helter-skelter from north, south, east and west. From each side of the square two hundred miles of desert, large bodies of troops were drawing in on the reservation, while back and forth over their bleak land a restless wave of Indians swept, seeking to avoid the inevitable contingency of surrender or annihilation.

The government was trying very hard to bring the Sioux to reason with a great show of force, and the older and wiser

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"What is it?"

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heads among the Indians were seconding their efforts to prevent a fruitless shedding of blood. But these efforts had been made too late, for the fever of war was in the hot blood of the young Sioux braves. Already there had been killing done, and new-made graves studded the fast-whitening winter prairie. Sitting Bull had been shot while resisting arrest, and his followers were mad with desire for revenge, while the government had decre[illegible] a general disarming of the Sioux.

Down at the end of the agency camp was a small detachment from Battery B—two guns and fifteen men, and picketed near by in the chill of the storm, shivering under their canvas covers, were Billy and Bob, with about a dozen of the battery bays.

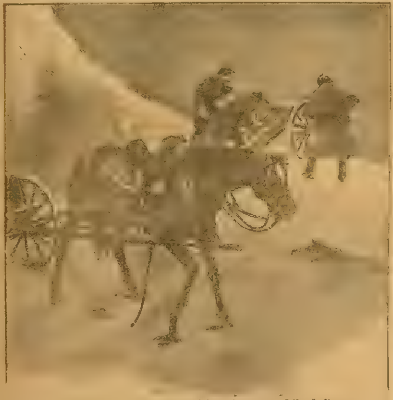
"Wot's ther use of our bloomin' guns out 'ere, I'd like ter know?" said Driver Burke to his comrades in the snow-bound tent. "Chasin' Injians with cannon is the wust tomfoolishness I ever 'eard of." But we must judge Driver Burke leniently, for when a soldier is quartered out on a frozen prairie in what seems to him a purposeless way, all things look foolish.

Then up piped a pallid recruit from under a pile of blankets: "Now, that they got th' hull outfit of 'em surrounded, they ought ter let us go 'ome an' get warm—sure." This brought a smile to the seared, weather-beaten face of the old sergeant in charge, who was smoking his pipe, and refusing to allow himself to be otherwise than cheerful and contented.

"If you fellers would stop studyin' the conduk of the campaign an' the akshuns of the commanding officer, you'd be better off," interrupted the sergeant. "You ain't gettin' thirteen dollars a month for ter advise the major-gen'ral. All you got ter do is ter obey orders an' keep your faces closed, an' I think if you go out an' hustle up a pile of wood for ternight, you'd feel better."

While that conversation was going on inside of Battery B's tent, down at headquarters the major-general was listening to the broken, impetuous story of a pale, half frozen orderly with a bloody bandage tied around his head.

The message was short and very pressing. When the soldier finished he was dismissed, and the grave, care-worn general turned and asked his aide if there were any mounted troops in camp.



The Lieutenant sent the shrapnel into the camp of the Indians.

"No, sir," was the answer. "The cavalry is all out, but there is that battery detachment."

The general thought of the fifteen long miles between the camp and place where succor was needed so badly, of the trail heavy with snow, and he sighed for the absent cavalry. Then he thought of the quiet, grim lieutenant of B Battery, who had been chafing at the useless role he had been forced to play in the campaign and had repeatedly solicited permission to show what his little Hotchkiss guns could do in settling matters with the Sioux, and he remembered the slashing big bay horses that the battery was so proud of.

"Send for Lieut. Dacre, Captain," was his order to the silent aide.

When the battery commander received the message he ran hot-footed to headquarters, in glad anticipation of being given some work to do, and his first look at the stern anxious face of his chief told him what it was.

"The —th are having a row with Big Foot's band down on Wounded Knee Creek. They need help badly, and I have nothing here that could reach them soon enough. D[illegible] in [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible]er the ridge west."

"I should like to try, General."

"Very good. Go ahead. We will be several hours behind with the infantry."

There was a scramble around the battery [illegible] a few minutes later, and a rush of men laden with harness and accoutrements [illegible] to the horses at the picket line. Never before did the battery drivers hitch so quickly, and the cannoneers ran the guns and limbers out of the canvas sheds with an agility that onlookers had never seen equalled. No bugles were blown, no orders were given; there was no need to tell anybody to make haste, for the orderly with the bloody bandage around his head had staggered down the camp street on his way to the hospital with a horror-stricken face, [illegible] and that the "Fighting —th" were making another hopeless struggle against their old pitiless enemies.

Out of sight of the bewildered infantry soldiers emerging from their tents the battery whirled, soon lost to view in the swirling snow. There was no time for a God speed you or a farewell cheer. Cannoneers and drivers wore grim clinched looks on their faces, and only one thought was in their heads—to get there in time, which depended altogether on the horses.

Did those horses hear what the general had told the battery commander, or had they seen the wounded orderly ree[illegible] through the camp to the hospital? That [illegible] not given us to know. At any rate, Billy and Bob knew that their battery was on business of a most urgent nature, or they would never be flying at racing speed ov[illegible] the cold snowy plain toward the distant hills and the sinking sun. They could almost measure the importance of their task by the way the drivers on the swi[illegible] and leads laid the quirt over their team[illegible] but the wheelers on No. 1 gun did not need any urging.

"Run low and steady, Billy; quit jerking your collar. We have a long hard run to make, and who knows what might happen if we don't make it? They need us badly somewhere—a regiment must be getting slaughtered."

"Were you ever in action, Bob? How does it feel?" asked Billy, as they bowled along.

"Oh, you feel as jolly as can be. It's all kinds of fun. Everybody goes clean crazy, [illegible] us. Some of 'em laugh, and some of 'em cry, some of 'em, in fact, most of 'em, first time, get very sick. Men are so much more foolish than we are about those things. Look out! Slide, Billy, slide!"

Just then they came to some ice holes. The off leader slipped and fell, bringing down his mate; on top of the leads tumbled, crashing, the swing team, while Billy and Bob just managed to keep out of the awful mess by sitting down on their rumps and sliding on their tails. They dragged out of the squirming wreck the driver of the leads with his skull cracked, and the driver of the swings unconscious and bleeding, and laid them tenderly down on the snow while the horses were looked to.

"Two of 'em's bruk ther legs, Lieutenant," sang out the sergeant, "an' this 'ere swing horse is stove up inside."

"Take three horses off No. 2 and put them in their places. Stay behind with 2, sergeant, take those wounded men, and follow us as fast as you can," said the lieutenant.

So in a few seconds No. 1 was rolling ahead again, leaving behind its crippled mate and two limp unconscious forms stretched out on its limber. On the foaming horses sped.

"My soul! What a narrow shave that was for us, Bob!"

"Never you mind thinking about narrow [illegible]," answered Bob; "you just keep your eyes on the ground a[illegible] [illegible] ice holes. Don't forget to sit down [illegible] if anybody goes down in front. Th[illegible] one thing sure, we have to get [illegible] somewhere in very short order, or [illegible] ment will be slaughtered; it must [illegible], for they wouldn't move us li[illegible] this for anything less."

Of a truth, the wor[illegible] timely and to the point. [illegible] covered prairie fr[illegible] scattered here and t[illegible] [illegible] even the rough-shod hoofs slipped over like skates.

They were half-way up the gentle [illegible] that led to the gap in the ridge to the [illegible] but they never shortened their l[illegible] stride. Men and hor[illegible] the work with that g[illegible] wins out many a forlorn [illegible] sound, not a mess[illegible] from the d[illegible] fight beyond, had r[illegible] lieutenant was riding ahead [illegible] ing gun, picking out the t[illegible] that loomed up against [illegible] big [illegible] them. It was full of shrieking wounded men. The lieutenant pulled back to speak to them. There were men with the madness of the fight on them yet, cursing the doctors who had taken them away; sad dying men with blue faces, and pallid sunny haired boys with tears running down their cheeks—all of them crazy, irrational, incoherent.

"Push on! Push on, or there will [illegible] body left over there," was all the ambulance driver could say when questioned. And that gun did push on as hard as strength of man and beast could push.

Up at the entrance of the gap there was something waiting for Battery B—something that men and horses did not expect. [illegible] fty enemy [illegible] cut off [illegible] -for relief, [illegible] the ambu[illegible] pass them unmolested. Invisible [illegible] were hiding behind crag and bowlder [illegible] with dark human faces, scanning [illegible] their gleaming eyes every detail of the [illegible] detachment that was climbing [illegible]

[illegible] element of skill was not needed to ma[illegible] murder complete. Then the signal [illegible] given, the volley was fired, and men and horses fell. Both the lead and swing teams [illegible] d the lieut [illegible] in their tra[illegible] [illegible] and straighten himself with an ef[illegible] his off fore-leg give away [illegible] pain shot across his ankle. [illegible] the [illegible] were splitting [illegible] upwards, and [illegible] and above in front [illegible] all killed at the [illegible]

[illegible] were busy packing away [illegible] of the traces of the dead [illegible] In a moment the gun [illegible] and Billy and Bob [illegible] the [illegible] the other [illegible] every aching [illegible] up the gap [illegible] do in the hour of agony and need—till nature calls a halt [illegible]

[illegible] pulled out of range of the ambush Bob fell dying in the snow, and as [illegible] looked up at Billy with the mournful eyes of one who dies while his [illegible] undone I think he must have said: "You do it for me Billy!"

They cut Bob loose and the lieutenant [illegible]

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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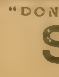

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# THE SCHOOLBOY CADETS

## *Fun and Mystery at Washington Hall---Barry Powell's Victories and Adventures and How Hoke Ummer Fought and Fell.*

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### CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCING THE SCHOOLBOY CADETS

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"What on earth is that racket for, Larry?"

"Don't you know, Tom? I'm to go to boarding school—just the jolliest place on the face of the earth."

"I never knowed as how a boarding school was a jolly place," was the comment of old Tom Barnstable, one of the best-known individuals in Raytown district.

"Oh, but you don't understand, Tom. It's to a military school that I am going—Washington Hall, up the Hudson—the same place that Link Harmer attends."

"Oh, that's it! Well, I hope you learn a heap and keep out of mischief, Barry Powell. I've heard tell that they cut up some pretty high didoes at them military academies—hazin', they call it."

"Oh, I wouldn't haze anybody, not me," replied Barry, solemnly, with a sly twinkle in his deep brown eyes. "You never knew me to do anything wrong, did you now, [illegible]"

"Oh, no, not at all," ejaculated Tom Barnstable sarcastically. "But if you didn't, who drove the cow into Squire Borden's dining room, and who stuffed the musical instruments of the brass band with sawdust at the Fourth of July celebration? You never do anything, you little innocent [illegible]"

And with a loud guffaw, the old character sauntered down the street toward his favorite resort, the general store.

Barry Powell continued on his way. He was a handsome youth of fifteen, tall and square-shouldered, with a taking way about him that made him a host of friends. He was the only son of Mrs. Lucy Powell, a rich widow.

A moment after leaving Tom Barnstable, Barry reached the home of his particular chum, Lincoln Harmer. Throwing open the gate, he espied Link in the barnyard, and made a rush forward.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"That settles it, Barry; you're going with me next term!" exclaimed Link, a bright fellow of our hero's age.

"If I wasn't, I'd sing a dirge instead of shouting, Link. Yes, it's all settled, and I'll be ready to start with you Monday."

"Your mother has written to Captain Hooper?"

"Yes, and got word back in today's mail."

"Good!"

"I'm to buy a lot of things down to Carley's store and then go home and start to pack. Come on."

Arm in arm, the two chums made their way to the large general store, where Tom Barnstable was again encountered. Here Barry purchased some extra underclothing his mother said he needed. While he was at this Tom Barnstable came close to him.

"When are ye goin' away, Barry?"

"Monday morning, 6 o'clock."

"Don't forgit the old man, Barry. We've had lots of good times—fishin' an' huntin', ye know."

That was Tom Barnstable, good-natured and willing to do, but an absolute beggar at the slightest chance.

"I won't forget you, Tom, not I," said Barry. "Here you are," and he slipped a shining dollar into the man's hand. A moment later he called one of the store clerks aside.

"Have you any of those April fool cigars left?" he whispered.

"Yes, just four."

"I'll take them."

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The cigars bought and paid for, Barry put three of them in an inside pocket and then turned the fourth over to Tom Barnstable.

"Here, Tom, put the pipe away and have a real Havana to celebrate the parting," he said, and the old man immediately did as requested.

The cigar burnt all right for just half a minute. Then something began to bulge at the end. It kept growing larger and larger, forming into what is called a Pharaoh's serpent, three or four feet long.

Tom Barnstable's eyes began to blaze. He stared at Barry wildly.

"Who—what—what is that?" he stammered. "Great Scott! I've got 'em!"

And dashing the weed to the floor, he rushed from the country store, with Barry's laugh ringing in his ears.

"He'll remember you now, no doubt of that!" said Link, merrily.

The day was Saturday, and it was a busy one for Barry Powell, for his mother insisted that all arrangements should be completed before Sunday.

The Sabbath passed quietly, and 5 o'clock Monday saw Link up and ready for the trip up that beautiful river which had justly been called the Rhine of America.

The train that was to take the two chums to New York came in but a few minutes later. Then followed a general handshaking, and Mrs. Powell kissed her son warmly.

"Take good care of yourself, Barry, and keep out of trouble," she called on parting, and he waved his hand and smiled, and then the train moved off.

The run to the metropolis was a short one, and once there the steamboat landing was quickly reached.

"There is Ike Brosnan and Hoke Ummer!" cried Link. "Two of our fellows."

The new-comers were quickly introduced. Ike Brosnan looked a whole-souled fellow and full of fun. Hoke Ummer, on the other hand, seemed of a decidedly sour turn of mind.

"Hoke is a good deal of a bully," whispered Link, later on. "You want to steer clear of him."

"Thanks, he'll not step on my toes," returned Barry, firmly. "The first man who tries to haze or bully me will get his fingers burnt."

"Oh, the boys will be sure to want a little fun, Barry. You mustn't be too particular."

"I don't mean that—I mean they mustn't go too far," replied Barry Powell.

Little did he dream of all the hazings and larks to be played ere that school term should be over.

The journey up the river was devoid of any special incident. The sail was magnificent, and all enjoyed it thoroughly.

Toward nightfall a landing was made not many miles from West Point. Here at the dock a long stage was in waiting to take them to the Hall. The four boys, along with a dozen others, got aboard, and they moved off rapidly for Washington Hall, two miles distant.

### CHAPTER II.

### A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Washington Hall was a large building of brick, stone and wood, situated at the top of a small hill. In front was a level parade ground, and to one side the grounds sloped down to the edge of a lake, while at the other it was flanked by a heavy wood.

The institution was owned and managed by Captain Hooker, an ex-army officer, who looked to the military drill of the boys and left the educational department to an able corps of assistants. With the assistants and the gallant captain himself we will become better acquainted as our tale proceeds.

Barry Powell soon became acquainted with nearly all of the one hundred and odd boys who attended Washington Hall, and became the leader of a set composed of himself, Link Harmer, Piggy Mumps, a fat youth, and Sam Schump, a German pupil, as good-natured as can possibly be imagined.

As soon as the boys arrived they were assigned to their places. Barry was put in the room with the crowd above mentioned. This room was connected with another, in which were installed the bully, Hoke Ummer; Bill Goul, his toady, and half a dozen of the bully's cronies.

"This room will get into a free fight with that gang some day," was Barry's comment, after Schump, the German boy, had related how the bully treated him.

"Dot's it, mine gracious," replied Sam Schump. "Ve vill git togedder an show dem vot ve can do, ain't it!"

Several days were spent in getting ready for the term. Barry was placed in the first class, with twenty others, and he was likewise put in an awkward squad to learn the steps and manual of arms.

As luck would have . . Barry was placed under one of the assistant teachers, and fared very well, but poor Piggy Mumps was put in a squad under Hoke Ummer, who did all he could to make the fat boy miserable.

"Eyes right! Eyes left! Front!" shouted Hoke. "Why don't you mind, you clown!" he added to poor Piggy, who was in a sweat to do as ordered.

"Vot you say, eyes right an' den eyes left, ven da vos right?" asked Piggy, innocently.

"Silence! Eyes right! Eyes left! You clown, can't you twist your eyes, or are you too fat?" roared Hoke.

"Ton't vos call me a klown, you—you unchentlemanly poy!" cried Piggy, wrathfully, when without warning Hoke fell upon him and hit him a blow on the neck.

This was too much for Piggy, and he ran out of the line and closed with the bully. But he was no match for the big boy, and Piggy would have been severely punished had not Hoke been caught by the shoulder and hurled backwards against a wall.

"Let him alone!" came in the voice of Barry Powell. "You have no right to touch him, Hoke Ummer."

"Haven't I, though?" sneered the bully. "Do you suppose I'm going to be made a fool of by a lump of fat like that? You clear out, or I'll give you a dose, too!"

"You can try it on any time you please," replied Barry, quietly.

"A fight! A fight!" exclaimed half a dozen at once, and the awkward squad was broken up on the instant.

"A fight?" repeated the bully. "He'll get a thrashing—that's all it will amount to. Come on down to the woods if you want to have it out."

"I'm willing to meet you," returned Barry, and started along, followed by Piggy, Link, and a dozen others.

But scarcely had the boys gone a rod before the belfry bell rang out loudly five times.

That was a signal for assembly on the parade grounds.

"Hullo, we can't go now!" cried Link. "Boys, you'll have to postpone that mill till later."

"I'll meet you after assembly," growled Hoke Ummer, under his breath, as Captain Hooper put in an appearance.

"I'll be ready any time," rejoined our hero.

"Boys, we are to have visitors in fifteen minutes!" shouted out Captain Hooper. "Attention! The captains will form the companies on the campus and a salute will be fired as the visitors enter the grounds."

Orders were quickly passed, and inside of five minutes the boy cadets were drawn up in long lines, with the officers of the two companies in their proper place.

The visitors were old friends of the captain, who had come to the Hall merely out of curiosity. As their carriages approached a cannon was run out, and Link and several others were detailed to fire it off.

Link chose Barry to assist, and before long all was in readiness to touch her off.

"Here they come!" shouted somebody.

"Stand ready to fire!" sang out Captain Hooper, in true military style. "Steady, boys, now—I expect all to make the best possible appearance. Fire!"

Link touched the cannon off, while Barry and several others stood close at hand.

Bang!

The report was terrific. The old cannon had been overcharged, and was blown into a thousand pieces, which flew in all directions.

Both Link and Barry were hurled flat, and while the former was seen to stagger up again, our hero lay as one dead!

### CHAPTER III.

### THE GREAT FIGHT.

"He is dead!"

"Run for a doctor!"

"A piece struck me, too!"

"The cannon must have been overloaded!"

Such were some of the cries which went up after the awful explosion.

Captain Hooper stood close at hand and instantly went to our hero's assistance.

He caught the youth up in his arms and carried him to a shady spot.

"Bring some water," he commanded, but water was already at hand. With it he bathed Barry's head.

For a minute there was an [illegible] Then, with a quiver, Barry [illegible]

"Wha- what -did the cannon burst?" he asked, feebly.

"Hurrah! He's all right!" shouted Link, joyfully, and inside of five minutes more Barry stood up and gazed around him in wonder.

But he was too weak to take part in the review and while this went on sat in a rustic chair under an oak tree, with several of the lady visitors by his side.

The reception to the guests [illegible] r, the cadets were dismissed, and the crowd lost no time in dispersing.

Link remained with Barry, and both walked toward the lake.

"How do you feel?" asked Link, anxiously.

"Rather faint in the legs, to tell the truth," was the reply. "But I guess I'll soon get over it."

"Ready to do that fighting?" demanded a rough voice at their elbow, and Hoke Ummer ranged up at their side.

"For shame, Hoke, Barry isn't in condition, and you know it," said Link.

"Oh, nonsense!" growled the bully. "That cannon affair was only a fake. He wasn't hurt a bit."

This remark angered Barry, and, stepping up, he faced the bully defiantly.

"I will fight you whenever you say," he said, stoutly.

A boy standing near heard the remark, and the news spread like magic.

"A fight between Hoke and Barry Powell. Come on down to the woods."

The schoolboy cadets needed no second invitation. A score started from the campus instantly.

They were about evenly divided as to who would win.

The bully was known to be heavy and strong.

Yet Barry had shown lots of pluck.

In a corner of the grounds, shut out from view from the school windows by a belt of trees, the boys assembled to witness the conflict.

Barry prepared for the encounter, assisted by Link.

Ummer, satisfied of an easy victory, placed himself in the hands of his toady and backer, Bill Goul.

When the combatants were declared ready, they faced each other.

As Hoke looked into the unflinching eyes of his opponent the smile of satisfaction he had worn for the past few hours suddenly faded.

He could see he must do his best to win.

"But I'll mash him, see if I don't," he said to his toadies.

"That's right, Hoke!"

"Show him what you can do."

Barry said nothing.

"He's a tough one," whispered Link. "Beware of a foul."

"I'll have my eyes open."

The boys took off their coats and vests.

A ring was formed and Barry and the bully got into position.

"Time!" cried one of the older boys, and the great fight began.

At first Barry was cautious.

He wanted to take his opponent's measure, so to speak.

Sure of victory, the bully rushed at him and aimed a blow at Barry's n[illegible]

Our hero ducked, and Hoke's fist only sawed the air.

"Good for Barry Powell!"

"That was a clean duck!"

"Land him one, Hoke!"

"Go for him, Powell!"

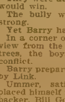
Around and around the ring went the two boys.

Then the bully aimed another blow at Barry.

As quick as a flash our hero warded it off.

Then out shot his fist, and the bully of Washington Hall got a crashing blow in the chin that knocked him clean off of his feet.

What a yell went up!



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"Hoke is knocked out!"

"Did you ever see such a blow?"

Wild with rage, the bully was assisted to his feet by several friends.

The blood flowed from his chin and from a cut lip.

"I'll show you yet!" he hissed.

And he again went at Barry.

But our hero was cool and collected, while the bully was excited.

The bully got in one little body blow, but that was all, while our hero fairly played all over his face.

"Better give it up, Hoke!"

"You are outclassed against Barry Powell!"

"Let me be!" howled the bully.

With every blow that our hero delivered Ummer's anger increased.

His reputation, he felt, was at stake.

If he was beaten, that would be the end of him, so far as bossing the boys was concerned.

At last Barry hit him a stinging blow in the ear that caused him to roll over and over.

### CHAPTER IV.

### OUT ON THE LAKE.

The bully was knocked out completely and had to acknowledge Barry the victor of the encounter.

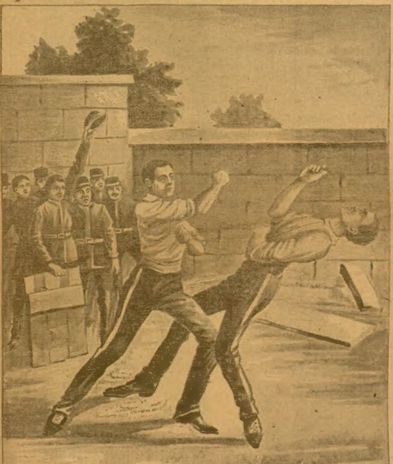
This he did with very bad grace, and a minute later sneaked off with his toady.

"I'll get even for that," he growled. "He'll be sorry he ever tackled me."

"You'll have to watch Hoke Ummer, Barry," said Link, some time later, when the crowd had dispersed. "He is a treacherous fellow."

"I'll have my eyes open," returned our hero.

Yet little did he dream of the dastardly way in which the bully would try to get even.



Then out shot his fist and the bully got a crushing blow on the chin.

It did not take Barry Powell long to settle down at Washington Hall. The fight had made him many friends and established him as a sort of leader among a certain set.

On the following Saturday Link proposed they hire a boat on the lake and go fishing.

Barry readily agreed and they went off, taking their fishing lines with them.

For a dollar they hired an old sailboat called the Bunker Hill. She was manned by an old sailor called Snuff.

There was an island in the lake and after some discussion it was decided to sail around to the lower end of the island and try bass fishing, for which the lake was famous.

The lines were soon cast off and the mainsail and jib set, and as soon as they caught the breeze they swung around and down the lake at a speed of seven knots an hour.

"Somebody else out besides ourselves," observed Snuff, as he pointed to half a dozen sailboats cruising around. "This year everybody has the boating craze."

"It's great sport," returned Link. "By the way," he went on, pointing to a large yacht coming up the lake on a long tack. "What boat is that?"

"She is called the Corker. I don't know who owns her," was the old boatkeeper's reply.

"She is coming over this way. Let us stand out a little and see who is on board."

"Just as you say, sir."

"Yes; I'm curious about that yacht, too," put in Barry.

The course of the Bunker Hill was altered several points and they left the vicinity of the island shore. As they drew closer to the big yacht our hero uttered a cry of astonishment.

"By Jinks! It can't be possible!"

"What's up?" asked Link, coming to his side.

"There are Hoke Ummer and Bill Goul on board. Well, we won't have any words with them."

"I would like to know where they got that yacht," said Link.

"Hullo! they are coming this way!"

Barry sprang up in alarm, for the big yacht had suddenly veered around several points and was now coming head on toward them.

"We'll be run down!" shrieked Snuff, in terror.

"The fools!" muttered Link. "Don't they know anything about steering?"

"The big yacht is evidently one too many for them. See, there is no one aboard but Hoke and Goul. Two hands are not enough for such a craft."

Nearer and nearer the two yachts came to each other.

Snuff did his best to steer clear of the Corker, but he was at a disadvantage. Soon the big yacht took away all the wind of the Bunker Hill, and she lay helpless.

"Keep off!" yelled Barry, but the cry was unheeded.

Bang! Crash! The Corker struck the Bunker Hill off the bow, the long bowsprit ripping a hole in the mainsail.

Then came a smashing of woodwork, and the boat containing Link and our hero began to sink!

This very interesting story of schoolboy adventures will be continued next week. The Ledger makes a special subscription offer on page thirteen.

◆

She—Why did you lose your temper so unfortunately at the game of cards?

He—It was the only thing left I had to lose.

## The White Man's Burden

Is paying rent for a poor farm. Now is the time to secure a good farm on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Marinette County, Wisconsin, where the crops are of the best, work plenty, fine markets, excellent climate, pure soft water, land sold cheap and on long time. Why rent a farm when you can buy one for less than you pay for rent? Address C. E. Rollins, Land Agent, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

◆

## Done to a Turn.

"That new story of yours, Scribbler, appears to me to lack crispness."

"That's strange. I'm sure it's been roasted enough."

◆

**Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.**

Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 121 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

◆

## Our Industries.

"Cuba seems to adopt our industries quite readily."

"Yes, I'm told Cuban tobacco is already being produced in Cuba to some extent."

◆

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children** teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

◆

Flim—Did you employ a good lawyer in your recent real estate suit?

Flam—I should say I did. He has the lots.

## WOODEN INDIAN'S WIDOW

(Continued from page seven.)

"To see my husband," not noticing his implied solicitude as to her spiritual tendency.

"I see he's come out all right," said Jim, "and I'm glad of it. I hope you'll be good and happy."

"What made you write me that he was dead?"

"I didn't do that. I wrote that your first husband, Mr. Dummy, was buried and that I knew all about the way you was fooling me about this one. When I found that out, I went on the biggest drunk I ever had and brought up in the Salvation Army, and I'm glad of it—it's the best thing that ever happened to me except you, Anabel, and you were the worst. Now don't get so awfully happy as to lose sight of the main chance, and don't forget that Jim Stone loved you right down solid and substantial and cared more for you than for the money. I'll tell you where the cigar sign is; it's——"

"Never mind, I know too well where it is and so on," answered Anabel, vehemently. "Here's my car—good-by, Jim."

"So long, Anabel," and Stone took up the flag and bore it proudly aloft. She saw him thus, and she never saw him again.

"Well," she said, when she had kissed Chillworthy about fifty times and thanked the good Chicagoan fully twenty times for having been so good to him, "what kind of a story have you fixed up for me?"

"I just went out for a walk," he answered. "My head ached so I couldn't stay inside. I got dizzy again and my friends here will have to tell you about all the rest. I've been out of my head all the time, you see."

When she got back to her sister's, she was handed a message from her lawyers. They had found the balance of the remains of her first husband and had her money for her. They would deposit it to her credit or give her the three hundred one thousand dollar bills in the morning, as she might elect.

She elected to receive the cash.

She put it in a cheap telescope case and carried it out to where Harringtone Chillworthy was still ill in bed. Enterprising "hold-up" men who read this will now know what an opportunity they missed that day.

"Cheer up," she said. "I've come with glad tidings of great joy."

And she emptied the contents of the case on the bed and as he sized up the bills he was threatened with a stroke of apoplexy.

He could not ask a question, he was so dazed. But he managed to whistle.

"When I married that wooden Indian," she said, "I entertained an angel unawares, and I never gave him half a show and so on. With all my worldly goods I new endow thee who came near being hanged, and ought to have been hanged, for being willing to wear second-hand clothes to my wedding."

In a week Chillworthy was able to go out, and they secured apartments at a popular hotel. In three weeks Chillworthy was well and was attired more magnificently than anyone else in town, and Anabel was proud of him.

"I am glad you're happy, Anabel," he said, caressingly. "Think how differently you would be situated had you married a poor man."

"True," she answered; "not every man knows a good thing when it falls in his way. I shall never be done giving you credit. I am going to send a hundred dollars to each of those six lovers of mine at Shadeville. After they get the money they will always be glad I faked the raffle in favor of the wooden Indian."

(The end.)

◆

Perhaps those acids found in the embalmed beef were intended to blondine the whiskers.

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**EXPERT SUIT TAILORS** will make the suit in the latest sack style to fit perfect; line it with Holman's celebrated farmer satin, pipe it with Skinner's AAA satin, pad it extra well, use best grade of canvas, and sew every seam with pure silk and linen thread.

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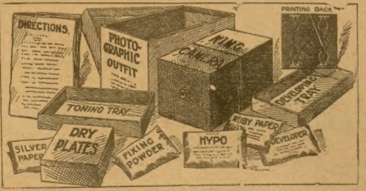

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## BILLY OF BATTERY B.

(Continued from page eleven.)

and the two men put their shoulders to the limber and started the piece uphill once more. Four hundred yards up the terrible grade Billy pulled that gun for them, at every step digging his wounded off front leg into the sharp shale and jagged ice of the mountain trail; but his agony and pain were nearly over. At the brow of the divide they looked down into the valley where the fight was going on.

Below them a thin blue skirmish line, stretched out in a crescent, was replying feebly to the rapid and destructive fire of the Indians, sheltered in their village and in the commanding ground on the other side. There were many silent gaps in the blue skirmish-line, and the ground between it and the Indians was scattered with rigid blue-clad forms and the stiff tawny figures of dead Sioux.

If the authors of the "Drill Regulations for Light Artillery" could have seen that gun, drawn by a horse on three legs, and manned by an officer and two privates, go "into battery" on the brow of that hill, they would have marveled greatly.

The limber did not come around on a gallop, by a left traverse—as the book says it should—but the gun was in position just as quickly as if it had; for two men had drawn the pin and uncoupled the tail-piece from the limber before they halted. They ran the gun out "by hand" to the brink, while the lieutenant—self-instituted powder-monkey—dug deep into the limber chest and filled his arms full of long slim shrapnel shells.

Billy, tottering on three legs behind them, saw everything—the breech opened, the cartridge pushed home, and the breech closed and locked. He saw the lieutenant down on his knees adjusting the sights, and pointing the piece with exact nicety at a swarm of Sioux behind the tepees in the village.

Driver Burke stood with his knees bent and the lanyard taut in his hand, impatient for the word. In a low, firm tone it came, "Fire!" A long tongue of flame shot forth, then a blast of white cloudy smoke, and, after a distinct pause, the sharp detonation rang out and deafened them. Straining forward, they saw the shell burst over the village, and tepees, blankets, ponies and Indians seemed to be struck by a tornado. Then they sent shell after shell shrieking over the valley into the village and the Indian position. The hissing wail of the twisting shrapnel as they flew through the air had a most terrifying effect on the Sioux. They thought they heard the voices of the dead they had killed and tortured crying out for vengeance.

As if hurried on by the ghosts of the departed, swiftly and silently every Indian withdrew, and nothing was left below to fire at but a mass of whirling wreckage.

Cheer on cheer came ringing up from the rescued regiment below, but the lieutenant and the two exhausted men lying flat on the ground by the side of the reeking gun did not hear them. Their eyes were fastened on a gaunt haggard horse swaying to and fro on three legs, his soft pleading eyes swimming with pain.

A look flashed on the lieutenant's face that made his hard features tender and womanly. Then it was that Driver Burke, the worst blackguard in the battery, spoke his mind.

"That's a horse as is a horse, an 'e oughter 'ave a medal as big as ther moon."

The lieutenant looked at Driver Burke, and a bond of sympathy was established between them right there and then. The other man was dumb as an oyster, but he never took his staring wet eyes off Billy.

"Ther' ain't no such thing as givin' a horse a wooden leg," said Burke, meditatively, "an' the kindest thing we can do is ter do our dooty." And they did.

According to Burke, Billy's shiny brown eyes thanked him as he fired.

"If there is any horse's heaven," says Burke, "where they does nothin' but play on ther blue-grass meadows amongst the daisies all day long—you'll find Billy there."

They were all given medals of honor, every member of that gun detachment; but among themselves they often say that, "he who most deserved a medal never received one"—meaning, of course, Billy of Battery B.—Harper's Round Table.

What People Say about Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it cures when all other remedies fail. Therefore you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla in preference to all others.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness. Mailed for 25 cents by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

### Not Clear.

"You say," persisted the lawyer, "that the prisoner pointed the revolver as though intending to blow out the dead man's brains. What do you mean? Here is a revolver. Now, show me how you would point it to blow out my brains."

"I wouldn't attempt it," replied the witness ambiguously.

---

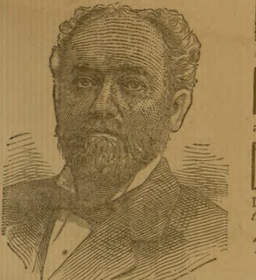
# Eighty-One Hemorrhages!

"I had eighty-one hemorrhages, sometimes spitting five pints of blood at one time." That's the statement made by Cornelius McCawley, Leechburg, Armstrong Co., Penn. He continues: "My doctor did all he could for me, but could not stop the hemorrhages, and *all* gave me up to die of consumption."

Mr. McCawley didn't die. He's well and working. He found means to stop the hemorrhages. He read an advertisement like this one. It had a testimonial in it from Mr. C. H. Harris, who'd been cured of a similar ailment by the use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He wrote to Mr. Harris—to quote his own language: "I sat down and wrote to him describing my case."

**What Mr. Harris Said**

"I got a letter from Mr. Harris, saying: '*Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saved my life*,' and advising me to try it."



R. V. PIERCE, M. D.

**What the Local Doctor Said**

"I told my doctor that I would try 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and he said, '*You might as well take water.*'"

**What Mr. McCawley Said**

"*I thought it was only* DIE *anyway*, so I wrote to Dr. Pierce, and commenced the use of the 'Discovery.'"

**What Dr. Pierce Said**

"When I had taken six bottles, I had eight bad hemorrhages. I wrote to Dr. Pierce, and he sent me word to *keep on with the 'Discovery.'*"

## *The Result*

"That was over two years ago, and I have not had any bleeding since. I can truly say your medicine cured me. I am a walking, living advertisement for your grand medicine."

**The Testimonial of C. H. Harris, Esq., 1622 Second Avenue, Rock Island, Ills., to whom Mr. McCawley wrote.**

"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saved my life and has made me a man; my home-physician says I am good for forty years yet. My case was a case just between life and death, and all of my friends were sure it was a case of death, until I commenced taking a second bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' when I was able to sit up and the cough was very much better, and bleeding from my lungs stopped, and before I had taken six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' my cough ceased and I was a new man and ready for business. 'Golden Medical Discovery' saved my life when doctors and all kinds of medicines failed to do me any good."

Not a word of comment is needed to strengthen the above facts. They are facts. They're strong enough. If they are not, they are supported by the testimonials of thousands who have been cured by "Golden Medical Discovery."

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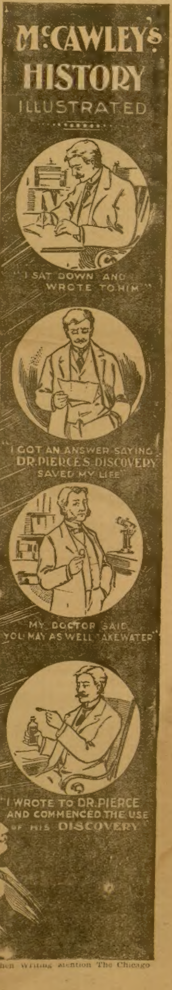

McCAWLEY'S
HISTORY
ILLUSTRATED
"I SAT DOWN AND WROTE TO HIM"
"I GOT AN ANSWER SAYING DR. PIERCE'S DISCOVERY SAVED MY LIFE"
"MY DOCTOR SAID YOU MAY AS WELL TAKE WATER"
"I WROTE TO DR. PIERCE AND COMMENCED THE USE OF HIS DISCOVERY"

# A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

(Continued from page five.)

riveted upon his face. It was evident that but one thought, one desire possessed the dying man—his son's forgiveness, and, bending over him, Armande murmured:

"I forgive you, father; be at peace."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The afternoon sunlight, shimmering through the trees, shed its pale yellow light upon a striking scene. A dozen gendarmes, in glittering uniforms, closely surrounded four men, in dark, somber garments, whose faces were covered with a scarlet mask.

In the midst of the gendarmes was Armande de Kercheval, his face haggard and white, his brow dark, his eyes stern.

The gendarmes had silently surrounded the four bandits and cut off all escape. Realizing that resistance was useless they had surrendered.

"Ride forward, he who is the chief of the Scarlet Masks," cried the leader of the gendarmes.

One of the bandits touched with his spur the beautiful black horse he rode and the animal leaped forward.

"I am the chief of the Scarlet Masks," said the bandit.

Armande de Kercheval gave a quick start. Before him, slender, erect, graceful, with curling black hair, was the counterpart of the young bandit whose heart his bullet had pierced. The next moment he shook off the feeling of awe which crept over him, and rode forward until his horse faced that of the chief.

"I am Armande de Kercheval," he cried, "and I never thought to stand thus face to face with you and not shoot you, but I cannot shoot down a defenseless man, so I leave you to France and the—guillotine."

"No, Monsieur de Kercheval," replied the chief of the Scarlet Masks, "if you are as brave as report says, you will not leave the avenging of your sister's wrong to France. You will fight me here and now," and, lifting his hand he struck Armande de Kercheval across the face with the riding whip he carried.

"It is your life or mine," cried Armande de Kercheval.

Then he turned to one of the gendarmes.

"Give him a pistol, he said, "then measure twenty paces."

The gendarme rode forward, handed a pistol to the chief of the Scarlet Masks.

Armande de Kercheval, with the red mark of the whip across the pallor of his face, sprang from his horse. The chief of the Scarlet Masks also alighted, and, for a moment, laid his hand caressingly upon the graceful, arched neck of the horse. Then he stepped forward and faced Armande de Kercheval.

Profound silence reigned. The eyes of the gendarmes and bandits were riveted upon the duelists. Armande de Kercheval, pale, handsome, his fine figure outlined against the dark background of the forest. The chief of the Scarlet Masks graceful, picturesque, in his somber garments, the scarlet mask making one bit of coloring, his curling black hair, under the soft, wide hat, falling almost to his shoulders.

The gendarme who had measured off the distance, stood near the duelists, holding his horse by the bridle.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Armande de Kercheval, while the chief inclined his head.

"One, two, three!" slowly, clearly called the gendarme.

Simultaneously two pistol shots rang out upon the air.

The chief of the Scarlet Masks reeled and fell to the ground, the blood gushing from a wound in his breast.

Armande de Kercheval stood erect, unharmed, but biting his lip and with a frown upon his brow. He had aimed straight at the heart of the chief, but the latter had deliberately fired into the air.

"Raise me," murmured the latter, faintly, and the gendarmes obeyed.

The chief feebly lifted his hand and pulled the mask from his face. The next moment a cry rang through the forest which no one there ever forgot, and the next moment Armande de Kercheval was kneeling beside the chief, his eyes full of unutterable horror and agony, looking down upon the beautiful white face.

"Helene! My God! My God! Helene!" he cried, with colorless, quivering lips.

Her eyes, full of an immeasurable tenderness, looked up into his, a faint smile touched her perfect lips, upon which lay the pallor of death.

"Armande, my dear love," she whispered, and, with eyes still upon his face, died.

And at that moment there vibrated upon the air the first long stroke of a tolling bell. It came from the tower in the Chateau de Kercheval. The Count de Kercheval was dead.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

After his interview with Helene, Pedro saddled his horse and dashed wildly away from the retreat. The man had the instinct of the wild animal when wounded, to creep away and hide his agony from the eyes of men. He rode straight into the heart of the densest part of the forest.

There he remained for five days, subsisting upon the game which he killed, and fighting with the fiercest passions which possessed him. Upon the morning of the fifth day, which was on Sunday, pale, haggard and gaunt, he mounted his horse and rode slowly towards the retreat.

When he dismounted and swung back the bowlder he found himself gazing into the barrel of a rifle in the hands of one of the bandits. The next moment the bandit lowered his rifle, saying:

"Oh, 'tis you, Pedro."

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Pedro, as he led his horse past the bowlder and then swung it back in its place. "Why are you on guard here?"

"Then you do not know what has happened?" said the bandit.

"I know nothing," replied Pedro, impatiently.

"There has been treachery here," said the bandit. "Hortense has betrayed our chief."

A terrible oath left the lips of Pedro.

"And that is not all," continued the bandit. "She, Mademoiselle Helene, is dead."

Pedro reeled back against his horse, a froth gathering on his livid lips. The bandit proceeded to tell all that had occurred. Pedro listened in utter silence, but livid face and awful eyes struck terror even to the callous heart of the bandit.

When the latter had finished Pedro asked, in a strangely calm voice:

"And the traitoress, where is she?"

"Damnation! If we but knew that, she would not be living now," replied the man. "But she made good her escape. On Friday morning she pretended to be unwell and kept to her room, watching an opportunity to get away unobserved. We did not think of looking for her until after we learned that the chief was betrayed. By that time she was, of course, well out of the way."

Pedros' livid lips parted over his clenched teeth in an awful smile like the snarl of a wild animal. He muttered something which the bandit could not catch, and, leading his horse, walked away towards the castle.

A few minutes later Pedro strode into the midst of the bandits who were assembled in the hall, ready at a moment's notice to make a desperate resistance against invasion and capture.

For a moment Pedro looked around upon the dark and lowering faces of the bandits.

"Comrades," he said, "the one woman whom we allowed to dwell all these years in our midst has betrayed us."

There was a hoarse and sullen murmur of assent mingled with deep and bitter curses.

"You fear that she has or will betray the secret of the retreat," continued Pedro. "You have no occasion for such fear; she will not do so. It was a woman's hatred which caused her to betray Helene de Montenelle. Comrades today I shall go forth to hunt down the traitoress. No matter in what part of the world she may hide herself, no matter where she may find refuge, I shall one day find and—kill her!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

A year later a woman sat at the window of a New York hotel, gazing, with weary eyes, down upon the crowded, busy streets. A woman, wan and pale and wasted, in whose eyes there ever lurked a strange, dark shadow. For hours she had been sitting at the window, listless, weary, indifferent.

Suddenly her eyes dilated with a terrible fear, she cowered away from the window, throwing up her thin hands to cover her face. For a moment or so she remained thus, then slowly her hands dropped from her face and a long, quivering sigh left her lips.

"Oh, God!" she murmured, "am I going mad? I thought that I saw Pedro's face down there in the crowd, uplifted, with the awful eyes fixed upon me. 'Tis only my imagination, but again and again have I, in fancy, seen that same dark face, the same eyes, full of deadly purpose. Ah, heaven! In this one year I have lived a hundred years of agony. Consumed with restlessness and fear I have never known a moment's peace. Oh, the intolerable anguish of living always a hunted life!"

She rested her aching brow on her hand and her thoughts went back ten years, when, a girl of fifteen, she had fled with her father from the town in southern England where all her life had been spent. Her thoughts did not linger upon the circumstances of her father's crime, a quarrel between two brothers and the blow which had stamped her father's brow with the brand of Cain, she was thinking only of those months spent in hiding, in fleeing from justice. She understood now what had brought that desperate, hunted look to her father's eyes, a look which never left them.

She aroused herself, rose and turned away from the window.

"Ah, surely I am safe here," she murmured. "He will never find me here."

The words had hardly left her lips when the door communicating with the room adjoining was quietly opened, a man stepped across the threshold.

The woman staggered back, one word quivering across her colorless lips:

"Pedro!"

Slowly he moved towards her. Her eyes never left his face, that terrible face which had never ceased to haunt her during that long year.

"Traitoress! Damnable traitoress!" he muttered, and his great strong fingers sought her white, slim throat.

Some hours later they found her, with the blackened imprint of a man's fingers about her throat.

About a month later Pedro walked quietly into the hall where the bandits were assembled.

"Comrades," he said, "the woman who betrayed us is dead."

* * * * * * *

A year after the death of her father Marguerite, with the shadow gone from her blue eyes and the roses pink in her cheeks again, became the wife of the Marquis St. Maur. And upon the day which made her a wife Marguerite, through her tears, looked for the last time upon the face of Armande de Kercheval, her brother.

In a gray monastery, in the south of France, remote from the busy haunts of men, there is a young monk with a pale face of great beauty and eyes of unutterable sadness. He is called Brother Ignacia and so long as his life will last he will never again hear the sound of a woman's voice nor look again upon woman's beauty.

(The end.)

### It Beats the Band.

The newest and most inspiring piece of Sheet Music, arranged for piano, is "The Pioneer Limited March," composed by Capt. Frederick Phinney, Bandmaster United States Band, published by S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.; distributed only by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Enclose 25 cents and address, Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 555 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

### Ships and Lightning.

The reason why ships are not struck by lightning is attributed to the general use which is now made of wire rope for rigging purposes, as well as to the fact that the hulls of ships are usually constructed of iron or steel. Thus the whole ship forms means of which the electricity is led away, by an excellent and continuous conductor, into the ocean before it has time to do any serious damage.

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Write today to G. B. Wright, music dealer, Box 1260, Marshall, Mich., for his free prescription, and he promises it will be promptly sent by return mail, in plain sealed wrapper.

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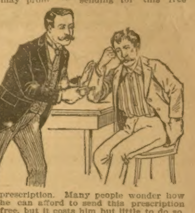

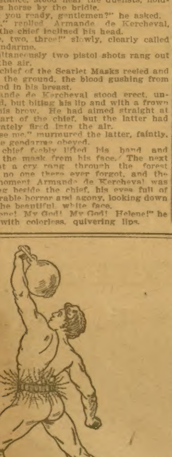

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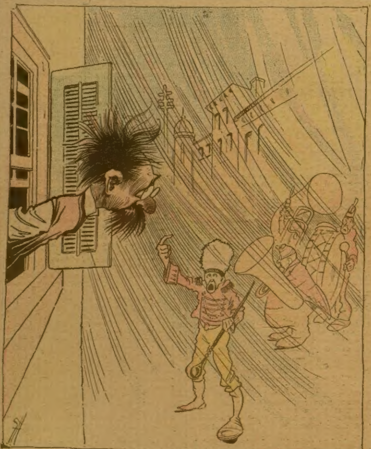
# THE PASSING SHOW.

## School Savings Banks.

Mr. J. H. Thiry of Long Island City, who introduced the system of public school savings banks into the United States, has published a pamphlet in which he enters into the philosophy and importance of educating children in thought and details results obtained on this continent and in Europe. He urges that the first and greatest object of the school savings bank is its educational value, and the number of depositors is preferable to the large figure of deposits, or in other words, a multiplication of accounts rather than volume of money. School banks should be encouraged, because they will check extravagance, will encourage the children in habits of thrift. They also help to raise the standard of morality.

In 1834 an unpretentious school master of a small city in France was the originator of the idea, which is yet in practice in that same school in the city of Le Man. Today that one school has about 500,000 adherents in Europe. In America, the system was introduced in Long Island City, N. Y., March 16, 1885. The result has proved it equal to every expectation. It has come to stay, to grow and to occupy a well deserved place in the program of school work. During twelve years at Long Island City, N. Y., up until 1897, the 7,000 pupils there enrolled saved $73,028.62, of which $20,222.92 was still on deposit. Since 1885, sixty-three other cities in six states of the union, embracing 280 schools and 1,572 teachers, have adopted the system, and up until March 16, 1897, out of 82,790 scholars in these schools, 28,335 had become depositors to the total amount of $451,211.37. Of this amount deposited $292,954.23 had been checked out, leaving $158,197.14 still on deposit to the credit of the school children.



Leader of the Band—Smith, I want you to play cornet tonight.
Smith—I wouldn't go out in this storm for a thousand dollars.
Leader—But I'll pay you $5 cash.
Smith—Oh, that's different.

## That Deep Hole.

It is reported that the deepest ocean sounding yet recorded has been made by the British steamer Penguin, during a cruise in the Pacific. A depth of 4,762 fathoms was found between Auckland and the Tongan Archipelago. The Penguin also investigated the recent disappearance of Falcon island, which was formed during a volcanic eruption in 1885, and vanished in September last year, and it was found that the island had sunk three fathoms below the surface.

## Largest University in the World.

A university in Cairo is said to have 11,000 students, more than attend any other two universities in the world.

## Shrinking Fast.

If Spain keeps up her present pace and direction she will soon be down to a size suitable to a boy king.

## The Crime of the Century.

It has taken a stupendous amount of red tape and circumlocution, but the proofs are before the country at last. We know now beyond peradventure that rascally meat contractors poisoned the men who went with the flag. The country has official proof that the refuse of the great packing houses of Chicago was crammed into tins and sold to the United States of America as sustenance for men who had given the supreme test of patriotism.

When the vile scraps were canned, it was known they would be fed to men on the march, on guard at the danger line, and in the trenches of the firing line. The rascals who sold the repulsive refuse were guilty of murder and treason. If justice were done, they would be shot, and their ill-gotten millions confiscated to pay pensions to the dependent relatives of their victims.

## A Dangerous Custom.

If one goes to a dinner party of three or a banquet of 300, says the Philadelphia Medical Journal, the first duty is held to be to pour a highly alcoholic "cocktail" into an empty stomach—an insult to the digestive organs as brutal as could be offered them, and for three hours these poor structures are stuffed with many kinds of alcoholic mixtures until in the early morning hours they are at last allowed some chance to repair their injuries. But what an idea of nutrition and of life it all presupposes! If a visitor from some other planet should come among us and should stumble on our fashionable drinking habits he would surely be long in fathoming the mystery of why otherwise sensible and honest men should make themselves such slaves to the drink fiend. And what the result of it is we all see and know. The reliance upon alcohol once established in youth, the tyranny becomes all the more furious in later years.

## Kipling's Place in Literature.

Rudyard Kipling now seems to be so far along on the way to recovery that the English-speaking world may be congratulated upon a narrow escape from an irreparable loss. By general consent Kipling may be said to possess more of that mysterious fire called genius than any other living writer. Since Stevenson's death Kipling has been quite universally accorded the foremost place in the ranks of modern authorship. To compare him with Stevenson would be futile, for the work of the two men is different, and Kipling has scarcely more than begun his career, while Stevenson had at least reached his prime. Kipling's greatest work is undoubtedly still before him, and this is why his death would have been so poignant a blow to the literature of the epoch.

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